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# RANDOM WRITINGS,

WITH

Original and Selected Anecdotes.

BY

ARCHIBALD PAUL,

SOLICITOR, DUNDEE.

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DUNDEE:

PRINTED BY JOHN LENG & CO., BANK STREET.

1878.

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## P R E F A C E.

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IN dedicating this volume to my numerous Subscribers, I do so with pleasant feelings, the more so as I have many dear and respected friends among them. There is little or no merit in the book. The "Random Writings" may contain some things suggestive, while what again is called "Variorum," consisting of a number of original and selected anecdotes, may afford my readers now and then a hearty laugh. Burns says that "Man was made to mourn," but I think he was also made to laugh, and a good merry laugh, in my opinion, is often better than a doctor's prescription to a patient, although ever so far gone. Originally, I intended bringing out the "Random Writings" under the title of "Once a Week," under which last title I had previously written, but learning that there was

a "Once a Week" already in the book market, I thought it only right and just to alter the title to what it now is.

The writing and compiling of the volume has given me pleasure during my leisure hours, relieving, as it often did, the mind after a hard day's work, and if it gives my Readers at times a like relief in reading it, I will feel amply rewarded.

" Some die when they're young—some live to old age ;  
Men are Playactors : this world's a stage :  
Each man plays his part, and when it is o'er  
The curtain is dropt, and he's never seen more."

ARCH. PAUL.

DUNDEE, November 1878.

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## C O N T E N T S.

---

	Page
<b>1. RANDOM WRITINGS—</b>	
Fallen Women, . . . . .	9
Beautiful Snow, . . . . .	11
<b>2. RANDOM WRITINGS—</b>	
Fallen Women, ( <i>Continued</i> ), . . . . .	15
The Bridge of Sighs, . . . . .	17
<b>3. VARIORUM—</b>	
Mark Twain on Accidental Life Assurance, . . . . .	22
A London Evening Party, . . . . .	24
Epitaph on Thomas Moore, . . . . .	26
<b>4. RANDOM WRITINGS—</b>	
Ladies' Dress, . . . . .	27
<b>5. VARIORUM—</b>	
The Ring, . . . . .	31
Yours for Ever, . . . . .	31
The New Style, . . . . .	32
Epitaph, . . . . .	33
Matrimonial Advantages, . . . . .	33
Romeo and Juliet, . . . . .	33
The Message, . . . . .	34
Precaution, . . . . .	35
Sympathy, . . . . .	35
A Sewing Machine, . . . . .	35
The Lawyer's Portrait, . . . . .	36
<b>6. RANDOM WRITINGS—</b>	
Hugh Sutherland, . . . . .	37
<b>7. VARIORUM—</b>	
A Henpecked Husband, . . . . .	46
Spelling Bee-haviour, . . . . .	46
What a Wife should, and should not be, . . . . .	48
Illustrative Kissing, . . . . .	48
A Sculptor, . . . . .	49
A Prayer for Poor Jack, . . . . .	49
A Repentant Sinner's Return from Lochee, . . . . .	50
<b>8. RANDOM WRITINGS—</b>	
Apropos to the Last Expedition in Search of the North Pole (from Tom Hood), . . . . .	51
<b>9. RANDOM WRITINGS—</b>	
Social and Unsocial Bores, . . . . .	55

---

	Page
<b>10. VARIORUM—</b>	
How Pat Spun Out the Honeymoon, . . . . .	61
Advice to Young Ladies, by Sam Slick, . . . . .	62
Forfarian Nosegays, . . . . .	62
The Centre of Gravity, . . . . .	63
Effects of Thorley's Food for Cattle, . . . . .	64
<b>11. RANDOM WRITINGS—</b>	
Actions for Slander, . . . . .	66
<b>12. VARIORUM—</b>	
A Broad Hint, . . . . .	71
A Tar's Reply, . . . . .	71
Removing a Wine Cellar, . . . . .	72
Canter and Decanter, . . . . .	72
A Vocalist in Three Pieces, . . . . .	72
The Clergyman Answered, . . . . .	73
A Knowing Fop, . . . . .	73
Indisputable, . . . . .	73
How to Open Oysters, . . . . .	74
Explaining a Passage, . . . . .	74
A Little Dear, . . . . .	75
Pat's Reply, . . . . .	75
Truth in Men, . . . . .	75
A Damper, . . . . .	75
Coloured Dust, . . . . .	76
I Never Eat Supper, . . . . .	76
Livers and Lights, . . . . .	77
The Only Alternative, . . . . .	77
Give the Devil His Due, . . . . .	77
<b>13. RANDOM WRITINGS—</b>	
Kissing, . . . . .	79
<b>14. VARIORUM—</b>	
A Clerical Scene, . . . . .	84
Irish Hens, . . . . .	87
How to Address a Lord, . . . . .	87
The Snore, . . . . .	88
How to get out of a Scrape, . . . . .	88
<b>15. RANDOM WRITINGS—</b>	
A Fishing Adventure, . . . . .	89
Eternal Punishment, . . . . .	91
<b>16. VARIORUM—</b>	
Widows and Widowers, . . . . .	94
Law and Physic, . . . . .	94
Milton on Woman, . . . . .	95
Hand and Glove, . . . . .	95
Apropos of Burns' Monument in Dundee, . . . . .	95
An Hibernian Chartist, . . . . .	95
<i>Landlord and Tenant</i> , . . . . .	96

---

	Page
Blowing a Neighbour's Nose, . . . . .	96
A Lucky Patient, . . . . .	97
A Fowl Illustration, . . . . .	97
No Marriages in Heaven, . . . . .	97
The Dean of Ely's Gratitude, . . . . .	98
Lawyers and Sawyers, . . . . .	98
<b>17. RANDOM WRITINGS—</b>	
Courtship, . . . . .	99
<b>18. RANDOM WRITINGS—</b>	
Marriage, . . . . .	105
<b>19. RANDOM WRITINGS—</b>	
Parent and Child, . . . . .	111
<b>20. RANDOM WRITINGS—</b>	
The Marvels of the Deep, . . . . .	117
<b>21. VARIOURM—</b>	
Nothing like Trust, . . . . .	129
From Josh Billings, . . . . .	130
A Woman's Grammatical Character, . . . . .	131
To be Shaken before Taken, . . . . .	131
Two Black Missionaries, . . . . .	131
An Irishman's Stratagem, . . . . .	132
An Incident of the Kinloch Monument, . . . . .	133
The Finish of a Doctor's Job, . . . . .	135
<b>22. RANDOM WRITINGS—</b>	
Mad Dogs and Mad Men, . . . . .	137
<b>23. VARIOURM—</b>	
A Large and Small Dialogue, . . . . .	142
A Mouse on the Beer, . . . . .	142
Hogg's Tales, . . . . .	143
Love's Appeal, . . . . .	143
Ornamental Use of Teeth, . . . . .	143
A Gem, . . . . .	144
A Blackfaced Antelope, . . . . .	144
The Bachelor's Notion of Widows, . . . . .	144
Epitaph on a Locomotive, . . . . .	145
Strange Coincidence, . . . . .	145
The Value of a Doctor's Soul and Conscience, . . . . .	145
Bailing out a Sailor, . . . . .	147
<b>24. RANDOM WRITINGS—</b>	
Mad Dogs and Mad Men ( <i>Continued</i> ), . . . . .	148
<b>25. VARIOURM—</b>	
Cessio Bonorum, . . . . .	152
Cutting the End off, . . . . .	153
A Noser, . . . . .	153
Striking Resemblance, . . . . .	154
French Idea of Cricket, . . . . .	154

	Page
A Specimen of Irish Philosophy, Painted, but by Heaven Alone,	155
A Smart Retort,	155
A Riddle,	156
A Scottish Certificate of Marriage, How to Avoid Nightmare,	157
26. RANDOM WRITINGS— Amusements,	158
27. VARIORUM— Court of Session Wigs,	169
A Wonderful Fourpenny Piece,	170
A Crown Official,	171
A Bragging Farmer,	171
A Precocious Dundee Street Arab,	172
Two Blacks Wont Make a White,	172
Sewing Machines,	173
A Hatter Cooking His own <i>Goose</i> ,	176
28. RANDOM WRITINGS— One Country Governed by Two Different Laws,	179
29. VARIORUM— Shut Up,	185
Free Church Salt,	186
A Roast under False Colours,	187
How to Cure Snoring,	187
Washed Ashore,	188
30. RANDOM WRITINGS— Clerical Anecdotes—Sleeping in Church,	190
31. VARIORUM— Where are the Bad People Buried ?	197
A Constitutional Prophecy,	197
A Second Solomon's Judgment,	198
Jenny's Decision,	200
32. RANDOM WRITINGS— The Hydropathic Cure,	202
33. CIRCUIT COURTS,	206
34. MURDERED CHILDREN,	210
35. CIRCUIT COURTS ( <i>Continued</i> ),	218
36. DOUBLE SHERIFFSHIPS,	223
37. UNCLAIMED FUNDS,	228
38. MORAL CRIMES,	232
39. CLUBS AND EXTRAVAGANT DISCOUNTS,	235
40. TRADESMEN'S ACCOUNTS,	239
41. MARRIAGES AND CRYING EVILS,	243

**A Tribute to the late GEORGE GILFILLAN.**



## RANDOM WRITINGS.

---

No. I.

### FALLEN WOMEN.

---

CAN nothing be done in Dundee or elsewhere to restore these fallen unfortunates to the paths of virtue? Women who talk so much of women's rights could not be better employed in their leisure hours than in raising up their fallen sisters. Strange to say, however, a woman once down seems to be down for ever, and is spurned and detested by her own sex; while, again, her betrayer or seducer, let him be the greatest rake or profligate in existence, is received into the best of society, worshipped in the drawing-room, and may even be looked and fawned upon as if

he were a paragon of human excellence. There is something wrong here in society which should be rectified, for undoubtedly the seducer is forty-fold more guilty than his victim, the seduced. It is unpleasant to write on such a subject, but at times a spade must be called a spade, and as the social evil is a very crying one indeed, I humbly think that if the truly philanthropic ladies were taking the matter in hand they might do a power of good. As it is, just now it is painful to read the police reports showing the number of unfortunates who, morning after morning, are brought before the Courts for "loitering" on the streets throughout the night; and the thoughtful must wonder in their own minds why the gentlemen who are also found on the streets at all hours of the night are not likewise brought up for "loitering." It would seem that the gentlemen who made the law took care that they themselves would be excluded from its pains and penalties, and that the wrath should fall exclusively on the weaker sex. Let me, therefore, commend the matter seriously to the ladies. The American story and poem of the "Beautiful Snow" are indeed very touching and delicate on the subject, and my readers will please ponder over and take them to heart.

In the early part of the war, one dark Saturday morning in the dead of winter, there died at the Commercial Hospital, Cincinnati, a young woman, over whose head only two-and-twenty summers had passed. She at one time had been possessed of an enviable share of beauty, had been, as she herself said, "flattered and sought for the charms of her face;" but alas! upon her fair brow had long been written that terrible word "fallen" Once the pride of respectable parentage, her first wrong step was the small beginning of the "same old story over again." Highly educated and accomplished in manners, she might have shone in the best of society. But the evil hour that proved her ruin was but the door from childhood, and having spent a young life in disgrace and shame, the poor friendless one died the melancholy death of a broken-hearted outcast. Among her few personal effects were found the original manuscript of

#### B E A U T I F U L   S N O W .

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow,  
Filling the sky and earth below;  
Over the housetops, over the street,  
Over the heads of the people you meet,

Dancing—flirting—skimming along,  
Beautiful snow, it can do no wrong ;  
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,  
Clinging to lips in frolicsome freak ;  
Beautiful snow from heaven above,  
Pure as an angel, gentle as love.

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow,  
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go,  
Whirling about in maddening fun ;  
It plays in its glee with every one.

Chasing—laughing—hurrying by,  
It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye ;  
And the dogs, with a bark and a bound,  
Snap at the crystals that eddy around.  
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow  
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How wildly the crowd goes swaying along,  
Hailing each other with humour and song.  
How the gay sleighs, like meteors, flash by,  
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye,

Ringing—swinging—dashing they go,  
Over the crust of the beautiful snow—  
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,  
As to make one regret to see it lie,  
To be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet  
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow ; but I fell—  
Fell like the snowflakes from heaven to hell ;

Fell to be trampled as filth on the street ;  
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on, and beat—  
Pleading—cursing—dreading to die,  
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,  
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,  
Hating the living, and fearing the dead ;  
Merciful God ! have I fallen so low ?  
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,  
With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow ;  
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—  
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face.

Father—mother—sister—all—  
God and myself I have lost by my fall.  
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by  
Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh ;  
For all that is on or above me, I know,  
There is nothing so pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow  
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go ;  
How strange it should be when the night comes again,  
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain—

Fainting—freezing—dying alone,  
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan ;  
To be heard on the streets of the crazy town,  
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down ;  
To be and to die in my terrible woe,  
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow,  
Sinner, despair not; Christ stoopeth low  
To rescue the soul that is lost in sin,  
And raise it to life and enjoyment again;  
Groaning—bleeding—dying for thee,  
The Crucified hung on the cursed tree,  
His accents of mercy fell soft on thine ear;  
“Is there mercy for me?” will He heed my weak prayer?  
Oh, God, in the stream that for sinners did flow  
Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.



No. II.

**F A L L E N   W O M E N.**

---

SINCE writing last week's number, I have received a number of well-meaning and interesting letters on this painful and somewhat disagreeable topic. A writer of one of these letters thinks it something like impudence on the part of our country sending out missionaries to foreign parts to convert the heathen when there is so much wickedness and depravity at home, which reminds me of an incident which happened in Dundee a number of years ago. A black man, who was labouring in Dundee as a pretended converted missionary, was brought before the Police Court charged with vagrancy. The black prisoner denied that he was a vagrant. "What are you, then?" asks the Bailie. "What am I? Why, I am a missionary." "What came you here for?" demands the Magistrate. "To convert the heathen." "Why not stay at home and convert the heathen there?" adds the

Magistrate. "Why, because I thought my services were much more required in England and Scotland, and when I read the English and Scottish newspapers and saw the great number of murders, robberies, and all sorts of crimes and depravity going on in Great Britain, I thought I might do worse than strive to convert your evil-doers; and I humbly think that Britain should put its own house in better order before sending missionaries abroad to cleanse the houses of others less requiring to be put in order." "But," says the Magistrate, "the Superintendent of Police tells me that you were seen late last night, or early this morning, on the street in the company of women of bad fame." "'Tis true," replied the accused, "in whose company but in the company of the fallen should I be, in order that I may convert them if I can? Your fine missionaries make their converts in the drawing-room, while I make mine in the lanes and bye-ways." "I am sure I do not know what to do with you," replied the Magistrate. "You can do as you please. I have fulfilled and am fulfilling my mission, and I hope when I return to India to give in a good report of my stewardship. I will not, however, forget to mention the strange recep-

tion which I have met with in Dundee." The Magistrate then dismissed the missionary.

Another writer, while speaking of the inequality of the law which punishes the woman and frees the man, refers to Tom Hood's melancholy poem of the "Bridge of Sighs," which he thinks is a fit companion for "Beautiful Snow"—and so, indeed, it is. The original "Bridge of Sighs" is a bridge in Venice which leads from the jail to the place of execution. Many a father, mother, wife, child, lover, and friend, while witnessing a departing friend on the road to the scaffold, have uttered sigh after sigh, and in consequence Byron immortalised the bridge by naming it "The Bridge of Sighs." Tom Hood, in his poem, has selected apparently one of the London bridges for his

#### BRIDGE OF SIGH S.

One more unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death.

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care,  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair.

Look at her garments,  
Clinging like cerements,  
Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing;  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully,  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gently, and humanly.  
Not of the stains of her;  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny,  
Rash and undutiful.  
Past all dishonour,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,  
One of Eve's family,  
Wipe those poor lips of hers  
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb—  
Her fair auburn tresses,  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home.

Who was her father,  
Who was her mother,  
Had she a sister,  
Had she a brother;  
Or was there a nearer one  
Still, and a dearer one  
Yet than all other ?

Alas for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun;  
Oh ! it was pitiful—  
Near a whole city full—  
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,  
Fatherly, motherly  
Feelings had changed;  
Love, by harsh evidence,  
Thrown from its eminence—  
Even God's providence  
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood with amazement,  
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver;  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river.  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery  
Swift to be hurl'd—  
Anywhere, anywhere,  
Out of the world.

In she plunged boldly,  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran—  
Over the brink of it,  
Picture it—think of it—  
Dissolute man.  
Lave in it—drink of it—  
Then if you can.

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care,  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young and so fair.

Ere her limbs frigidly  
Stiffen too rigidly,  
Decently, kindly,  
Smooth and compose them;  
And her eyes, close them,  
Staring so blindly—

Dreadfully staring,  
Through muddy impurity,  
As when with the daring  
Last look of despairing  
Fix'd on futurity;

Perishing gloomily,  
Spurn'd by contumely,  
Cold inhumanity,  
Burning insanity,  
Into her rest;  
Cross her hands humbly,  
As if praying dumbly,  
Over her breast;

Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behaviour,  
And leaving with meekness  
Her sins to her Saviour.

And having, in my humble way, called attention to this delicate subject, I will draw the curtain over the dark scene, in the hope that the seeds I have attempted to sow will not be sown in vain.

## No. III.

## V A R I O R U M.

---

MARK TWAIN ON ACCIDENTAL LIFE ASSURANCE.

MR CLEMENTS (Mark Twain), who is a Director of a Connecticut Insurance Society, took part in a convivial occasion in Hartford recently, and in the course of the evening descanted on the pleasures of life assurance. He said, "Certainly there is no nobler field for human effort than the assurance line of business, especially accident insurance. Ever since I have been a Director in an Accident Insurance Company I have felt that I am a better man. Life has seemed more precious. Accidents have assumed a kindlier aspect. Distressing special providences have lost half their horror. I look upon a cripple now with affectionate interest as an advertisement. I do not seem to care for poetry any more. I do not care for politics; even agriculture does not excite me. But to me now *there is a charm about a railway collision that is*

unspeakable. There is nothing more beneficent than accidental insurance. I have seen an entire family lifted out of poverty and into affluence by the simple boon of a broken leg. I have had people come to me on crutches with tears in their eyes to bless this beneficent institution. In all my experience of life I have seen nothing so seraphic as the look that comes into a freshly mutilated man's face when he feels in his vest pocket with his remaining hand and finds his accident ticket all right. And I have seen nothing so sad as the look that comes into another splintered customer's face when he finds he could not collect on a wooden leg. I will remark here by way of an advertisement that that noble charity which we have named the Hartford Accident Insurance Company is an institution which is peculiarly to be depended upon. A man is bound to prosper who gives it his custom. No man can take out a policy in it and not be crippled before the year is out. Now there was one indigent man who had been disappointed so often with other companies that he had grown disheartened, his appetite left him, he ceased to smile—said life was but a weariness. Three weeks ago I got him to insure with us, and now he is the brightest, happiest

spirit in this land, has a good steady income, and a stylish suit of new bandages every day, and travels around on a shutter, I am informed by Mr Charles E. Wilson, foreman of our patent leg and crutch manufactory. However, for further information on that head, I will refer you to our other advertisements."

#### A LONDON EVENING PARTY.

"Contract supper, I am sure, by the look of it," said Jack to the young lady ; "five shillings a-head ; fragments to be returned." "You are a most pleasant fellow," said Emma, "especially when your dispositions are so towards the family who ask you." "I wish you would take some trifle," interrupted Jack Johnston energetically. "Why are you so anxious?" asked Emma. "Pray, do," returned Jack, very persuasively. "Because," he added in a lower tone, "I want to break up the barley-sugar mouse-trap that contains it. Do let me give you some." And not waiting for a reply, Johnston mercilessly dashed a spoon through the filagree work, and transferred some of its contents to Emma Ledbury's plate. "That is not at all good breeding, and very mischievous," said Emma,

and she looked very much as if she thought so. "I do it at all contract suppers as a matter of principle," replied Jack, "or else the same things get forwarded to the next people who give a party. I think I have told you about the sponge-cake elephant I knew formerly." Miss Ledbury confessed her ignorance of the anecdote in question. "Well, then," continued Jack, "I saw him for a long time in a pastry-cook's window at the West End, and met him one night at a party in Cadogan Place. I knew him by a fly speck upon his trunk. Nobody cut him; and he was next seen at a wedding breakfast in Torrington Square." "Oh! Mr Johnston, you are in joke!" cried Emma, laughing. "Fact, I can assure you," returned Jack, gravely. "Well, he travelled about to various parties I chanced to be at in all parts of London, until I got so tired of him that one night at a soiree in Oxford Terrace I achieved his destruction with a carving-knife. Do you know he tasted like a piece of pumice stone?" "What a singular anecdote, Jack," observed Mr Ledbury, who had been attentively listening. "It is certainly," replied Jack; "and I know a hedgehog now who has had a tolerably long spell of it, but I mean to be down upon him some day.

I am sure he must be gradually turning into petrified sponge."

EPITAPH, BY THOMAS MOORE.

Here lies John Shaw,  
Attorney-at-law ;  
And when he died,  
The devil cried—  
“ Give us your paw,  
John Shaw,  
Attorney-at-law.”



No. IV.

**LADIES' DRESS.**

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"THE peacock has one ov the butifulest tails in the world, but I take notice he don't drag it on the ground when he walks out." So says an author of American notoriety of Mr Peacock, and I suppose the same remark applies to Mrs and the Misses Peacock. Now, I think it is a pity that the ladies of the present day should not take a copy from these brilliant and highly-decorated birds. As it is just now the ladies, with their long tails trailing after them on the ground, more resemble scavengers than angels, and it occurs to me that they might be made very useful to the Sanitary Department in the shape of fashionable "besoms." Not so long ago the gutters were raked off the streets and roads by a machine somewhat resembling a piano, but these machines are now superseded by the ladies' extensive trails; and if the ladies only saw themselves as others see them, and

heard the remarks which are made concerning their *rakish* habits, they would at least brail up their trains when they go forth. It is a very old saying, and a true one, that no man should marry a *trail*, which meant a female who trailed her dress through the gutters ; and the ladies of the day should take that old saying to heart, and by so doing they will commend themselves to those who may be in search of a wife. If the long dress is a nuisance outside to the wearer and observer, it is equally a nuisance in the house. The gentlemen have to walk like hens on hot girdles, and woe be to the unfortunate wretch who should happen to tramp on misses' tail. Not long ago I had the misfortune to follow a lady into the drawing-room from the dining-room. Her ladyship was a good while into the drawing-room before she was out of the dining-room, and, notwithstanding every care I took, I unfortunately trod upon her train. The result was a *screed*, followed by such an extinguishing and withering look of anguish, as made me wish that I was into the middle of the following week. An Irish gentleman who witnessed the catastrophe, and sympathised with me, good-humouredly said, " Well, it is *rint* day with her, in no mistake."

Besides the obnoxious trains, the ladies, I humbly think, might otherwise improve their attire very much to their own comfort, for I rather fear that they for the sake of fashion too often make themselves self-torturing engines. An American authoress who should know, writing on this subject, says:—"Take a man and pin three or four large tablecloths about him, fastened back with elastic and looped up with ribbons; drag all his hair to the middle of his head and tie it tight, and hairpin on about 5 lbs. of other hair and a big bow of ribbon. Keep the front locks on pins all night, and then tickle his eyes all day. Pinch his waist into a corset, and give him gloves a size too small and shoes ditto, and a hat that will not stay on without a torturing elastic, and a frill to tickle his chin, and a little lace veil to blind his eyes when ever he goes out to walk, and he will know what a woman's dress is."

The ladies should not forget that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most," and that simplicity will find favour where gaudiness and gaiety will be in the shade. The gay dresses which appear at devotional service makes one fear that too often the thoughts are on the dress more than on the devotions. The well-known

Wesleyan preacher, the Rev. J. Dare, of Buninyong, while discoursing passed a rebuke on the so-dressed ladies by putting a question to them in the form of a conundrum, "Why are the ladies," said he, "like the lilies of the field?"—a pause followed—"Because," continued the divine, "they toil not, neither do they spin;" and extending forth his arms towards the audience, the preacher exclaimed, "Yet even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Again, the Rev. J. S. Boucher, M.A., of the Carnarvon Training College, in his essay on "What is Public Worship?" which was published by the Chester Open Diocesan Church Association, and which essay gained the ten guinea prize, among other things, says:—

"Some go to church to use their eyes,  
And newest fashions criticise;  
Some to show their own smart dress,  
Some their neighbours to assess,  
Some to scan a robe or bonnet,  
Some to price the trimming on it,  
Some forgiveness to implore,  
Some their sins to varnish o'er,  
Some to sit, and dose, and nod,  
But few to kneel and worship God."

No. V.

## V A R I O R U M.

## THE RING.

“ Give me,” said Lubin to his fair,  
To whom he would be more than friend,  
“ Give me the little ring you wear,  
‘Tis like my love—it has no end.”

“ Excuse me, that I cannot do,  
My heart you have no hope of winning ;  
The ring is like my love for you,  
For, Lubin, it has no beginning.”

## FOR EVER.

“ You wrote a letter long ago,  
And long ago I fondly read it ;  
No matter whether true or no,  
For every line I gave you credit.  
I just remember that the note  
Was very curt and very clever,

At present I can only quote  
The final phrase of '*Yours for ever.*'

"We loved each other heart and soul,  
We nursed a deep undying passion ;  
In short, we spooned upon the whole  
In quite a milk-and-water fashion.  
Our vows were scarcely of the kind  
That seas can part or time can sever ;  
In every note, before you signed,  
You penned the phrase of '*Yours for ever.*'

"Our ardour is diminished now,  
And rarely we exchange a letter ;  
We both are willing to allow  
The sooner we desist the better.  
Our hopes are dead—our loves are o'er,  
I must forget you now or never ;  
Don't write epistles any more  
That finish up with '*Yours for ever.*'"

#### THE NEW STYLE.

Brown (to Friend in swimming-bath)—"Come and dine with us to-morrow, Jack ?" Jack—"All right. Dress, of course ?" Brown—"Oh, no ; no ceremony, you know. Come just as you are!"

## EPITAPH.

Below these stones repose the bones  
Of Jedidiah Grim ;  
He took his *beer* from year to year,  
And then the *bier* took him.

## MATRIMONIAL ADVANTAGES.

When Mike was courting Kitty Mill,  
He begged, as lovers often will,  
    In accents softly spoken,  
That she one lock of golden hair  
From her fair head to him would spare,  
    By way of a love-token.  
Now Mike and Kit are man and wife,  
Their courting's turned to married strife,  
    And a sad difference makes it ;  
Though still attracted by her hair,  
He ne'er now begs a lock she'll spare,  
    But out in handfuls takes it.

## ROMEO AND JULIET.

Says a wife to her husband as the curtain descends on the prostrate form of Juliet, “Ah ! when we were married you vowed that were I taken from you you would kill yourself on my

tomb : you would not do so now." "Only kill yourself, my dear—only kill yourself," replies the husband, "and see whether I would not keep my vow."

## THE MESSAGE.

"Sing, birdie, sing, and tell me true  
What notes of cheer you bring to me  
From that sweet isle amid the blue,  
The dream like humming sea.

Sing, birdie—did he sigh or smile,  
My pilgrim, in his Indian isle ?

"Sing, birdie—did he kiss your wings,  
And did you bear the kiss to me ;  
And did he murmur tender things  
Unto the tender sea ?

Or, birdie, did he moan or sing,  
My beautiful, my brave sea-king ?

"Blythe birdie, lilt and lilt again,—  
I know that still he loveth me ;  
Thy voice is his, so sweet the pain  
That thrills me like the sea,  
And gives me wings to find afar  
The rapture of the morning star.

“ Fly, birdie, fly, and bear to him  
    This kiss, this swelling heart from me ;  
And fill thy throat until it brim  
    Like high-tide on the sea.  
Then sing as if my love were thine,  
Earth’s only soul, and that divine.”

#### PRECAUTION.

On presenting a lace collar to his idol a gentleman said carefully, “ Do not let any one else rumple it, my love.” “ No, dearest,” she replied, “ I’ll take it off.”

#### SYMPATHY.

At the funeral of a woman in Slawson the other day, a neighbour in attendance, feeling it necessary to say something sympathetic to the afflicted husband, kindly observed, “ You’ve got a most splendid day for the funeral.”

#### A SEWING MACHINE.

A young man out west was entrusted with the money to bring home a good family sewing machine. The hopeful son carried off a neigh-

bour's daughter, married her, and brought her home, declaring that she was the best family sewing machine he could procure.

#### THE LAWYER'S PORTRAIT.

A certain lawyer had his portrait taken in his favourite attitude—standing with one hand in his pocket. His friends and clients all went to see the portrait, and everybody exclaimed, "Oh, how like! it's the very picture of him." An old farmer only dissented. "'Tain't like!" exclaimed the farmer. "Just show us where 'tain't like?" "'Tain't—no, 'tain't," responded the farmer. "Don't you see he has got his hand in his own pocket? 'Twould be as like again if he had it in somebody else's."



No. VI.

## HUGH SUTHERLAND.

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HUGH SUTHERLAND was what is called a character in Dundee. He was Jack of all trades, and probably master of only a few. He was a tailor the one day and a precentor the next, just as circumstances and his taste suited. He was a keen politician, and had always an eye after the local Parliament, and more particularly after the financial department of the town. When the Town Council or other public Boards dined at the public expense it was always a sore heart to him ; and it will be recollected that when the Magistrates and Town Council threatened to dine together on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne, Hugh had the hardihood to present a petition to the Sheriff to have the Provost, Magistrates, and Councillors interdicted from dining at the expense of the ratepayers of Dundee. Hugh was a man not without talent,

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and was very full of anecdote and fun. He had one fault, however, which led him into the Dundee Poorhouse, where he lately died. He was often taken out as a jobbing tailor; and many was the anecdote which he used to tell when he went "whipping the cat." The following dialogue between him and one of his customers will illustrate the character of Hugh Sutherland:—

*Time*—Wednesday, March 1871.

*Place*—A Garret in the East End of Dundee.

*Dramatis Personæ*—1, Mrs Mysie Macdown; 2, Baldie, her eldest son, aged 10; 3, Joe, her youngest son, aged 9; 4, Hugh Sutherland, the tailor of Harmony Hall.

Enter Hugh with *suite*, composed of his goose, smoothing board, tape, scissors, chalk, &c., &c.

*Mysie*—Guidness' sake, Hughie, are ye here at last? Ye've been lang a coming, but like a bad shilling, ye aye turn up. My twa laddies hae been oot o' a' patience for ye, and nae wonder, for they are nearly inside oot, puir things. Nae want o' ventilation wi' them, I can assure you, Hughie. They haena got tae the kirk or Sabbath schule the twa last Sabbaths or want o' claes, and they are positively fallen *off in* their religious instruction. They canna

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get oot tae the bools, puir things, and yesterday was washing-day, and bairns at hame on sic an important occasion are an awfu' bather. Is there onything aboot tailors, ken ye, in the Education Bill, Hughie? Without claes, I doot the A B C would no dae muckle guid.

*Hugh*—Well, Mysie, I'll just sit doon and hae a draw o' my cutty, which will gie ye time to rin doon. Naething like getting up the bile in the morning, Mysie—naething.

*Mysie*—There's nae bile aboot it; only I was a wee thing cross, Hughie, and there's naething like tellin' ane's mind, Hughie.

*Hugh*—Naething.

*Mysie*—(opening a chest, liker a corn chest than a clothes one, and tossing the contents to and fro, at last fixes on a pair of trousers)—Here is a pair o' corduroys which I think might mak' doon for Baldie. There is naething like economy, Hughie.

*Hugh*—Naething.

*Baldie*—But, mither, they are a' clooted, dae ye see?

*Hugh* (withdrawing his pipe, after sending a curling volume of smoke aloft)—Never ye mind, my young fashionable; we will put the holes behind, and ye will never see them, my fine airs.

*Mysie*—Then here's a pair of shepherd tartans, which I think might dae for Joe.

*Joe* (looking at the parental garment with more profound suspicion than respect)—“Not for Joe,” after the Dundee street true style of language.

*Hugh*—How “Not for Joe,” you young Arab?

*Joe*—Because they would never be oot o' the tub, and I would hae tae gang to my bed before they were washed and dried.

*Mysie*—Drat, the laddie is no so very far wrang neither. Soap is dear, and labour's no cheap. See, here's a pair o' blacks, noo nearly broons, for they hae been at births, marriages, and deaths since ever they were born, and nae wonder that they hae changed colour. Will they dae, dae ye think, Hughie? There is naething like guid black cloth, Hughie.

*Hugh*—Naething.

*Mysie*—Weel, I see your pipe is oot; so if you will set to I will tak' my stocking and we'll hae a twa-handed crack thegither for auld lang syne. There is naething sae wholesome as a twa-handed crack, Hughie.

*Hugh* (putting himself into a posture for business)—Naething.

*Mysie*—Weel, Hughie, how has the world been using you since I last saw you?

*Hugh*—Just middling. I am everybody's body when wanted, and naebody's body when no wanted. I had a sair spring o't, and thocht I was to croke a'thegither.

*Mysie*—That would gie ye time to refleck, Hughie?

*Hugh*—Oh, 'deed ay; but when we get better o' our ailments we soon forget them. Did ye ever hear o' the deil being ill and turning a saint, *Mysie*?

*Mysie*—No, Hughie, let's hear about it.

*Hugh*—

“ When Beelzebub, Prince of Darkness, took suddenly ill,

He sent a small demon for a strong rhubarb pill,  
Resolved there and then a new life to lead,  
And applied for a saintship with suspicious speed.

The pill was effectual, and Satan recovered,  
The saints went to see him—he couldn't be bothered.”

The point of the moral you plainly may see—

“ When the devil was ill a saint he would be,  
When the devil was better, the devil a saint was he.”

*Mysie*—Man, Hughie, that's awfu' true, and like human nature.

*Hugh*—Rather.

*Mysie*—I see, Hughie, ye sometimes tak' yersel' up wi' politics, or what dae ye ca' that sort o' thing?

*Hugh*—Oh, sometimes I look and see what the Upper Houses are doing.

*Mysie*—But I'm thinking ye sometimes meddle wi' oor local Lower Houses. Wha was that who was asking in the papers the ither day wha Hugh Sutherland was? I thocht it was a gey bit o' impudence, for everybody who kens onything must ken brawly wha Hugh Sutherland is.

*Hugh*—Oh, it was that anxious inquirer the editor o' the *Dundee Advertiser*. He would speir the inside oot o' ye; but he did not get much oot o' me. I only tell'd him that I was ance a tailor, and therefore only the part of a man. I did not tell him a'. I hae the knack o' keeping my finger on some bit things whiles, Mysie.

*Mysie*—But were ye no a tailor a' your days, Hughie?

*Hugh*—Lord bless ye no, Mysie; I was ance a precentor.

*Mysie*—A precentor! Guidness gracious!  
And whaur did ye sing, Hughie?

*Hugh*—At Arbroath, among the Red Lichties.

*Mysie*—Hoo dae they ca' them Red Lichties,  
Hughie? Are they ony friends to the French  
“Reds,” Hughie?

*Hugh*—They are neither kith nor kin to  
them. Their forefathers, as well as the present  
generation o' them, have been noted for their  
great wisdom and foresight. It was they who  
invented the great red danger licht for the licht-  
hooses and harbours, Mysie.

*Mysie*—What sort o' a licht is it, Hughie?  
Is it an auld or a new licht, Hughie?

*Hugh*—Oh! it was a wonderful invention.  
They put plain white glass in the lamp, and  
after lighting the lamp they painted the sea-  
staring pane of glass red, as a warning and  
guide to the mariners.

*Mysie*—Eh, man, and wasna that clever,  
Hughie?

*Hugh*—I should rather think so, Mysie.

*Mysie*—The Red Lichties will hae patented  
this grand invention o' theirs, Hughie?

*Hugh*—I dinna ken; but patented or no  
patented it will stick to them like a burr; and  
I tell ye that that red licht will never gang

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oot as lang as the Brothock runs through the toon.

*Mysie*—Weel, and how did ye get on as a precentor?

*Hugh*—Oh, bawly; but the minister drank his stipend and I did the same wi' my salary. The minister was tried and deposed, and I was obliged to be a very unwilling witness against him, for, dae ye see, we had aye a glass thegether before the sermon began and anither when it ended; and I had to tell a' the truth. It was a sore heart to me to lose the minister, no' to speak o' the perquisites. And it was nae wonder I gave way to despondency, and that the “Bangor” wouldna skirl up on no account whatsoever. So I had to hing my harp on a willow tree and betake myself with my goods and chattels to Harmony Hall, 47 Seagate, where I am always found at hame except when I'm no in.

*Mysie*—Weel, ye wad nae doot be at the marriage feast wi' the Provost and the Toon Council in honour o' the Princess's marriage wi' the Marquis o' Lorne.

*Hugh*—’Deed no! I was never asked, altho' an old and decayed Burgess. Like mony ither puir body, I dined at hame that day on a pickle *brose*, while the big-wigs nearly burst them-

selves wi' banquets, luncheons, and sic-like. There were one or two things, hoosover, I escaped which the notables did not escape.

*Mysie*—Losh ! what were they, Hughie ?

*Hugh*—Attacks o' nightmare thro' the nicht, bile in the morning early, and gout in the distance.

*Mysie*—Eh, man ! ye aught to be thankfu', Hughie. There is naething like temperance, Hughie.

*Hugh*—Naething.

*Mysie*—What dae ye think o' thae bodies they ca' the Good Templars, Hughie ?

*Hugh*—Naething, although I am ane mysel' when I canna help it. The very name o' them mak's me as dry as if I was a dry nurse. They hae done a lot o' guid for a' that, for they have cured mony a ane o' the "foot-and-mouth disease," Mysie ; and mony a miserable home they have made happy. If they were only a little more temperate in their language, and charitable towards others, they would be more thocht o'.

*Mysie*—That's very true, Hughie; and noo I'll need to gang and see about the denner. Next to a twa-handed crack there is naething like a good denner, Hughie.

*Hugh*—Naething.

## No. VII.

V A R I O R U M.

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## A HENPECKED HUSBAND.

“I SHOULD have no objection,” said a henpecked husband, “to my wife having the last word, if I could only be assured that it would be the last.”

## SPELLING BEE-HAVIOUR.

It was incredible to Mrs Robinson that R. should come “straight home” from the spelling bee the other morning at two, if not past ; so she prepared to receive him with a broadside.

He let himself in with his key, walked on tiptoe into the dining-room, where the gas was on, was preparing to light his candle, when the wife of his bosom suddenly rose from the side of the fire and confronted him.

“Disgraceful,” she hissed from between her teeth.

“D-i-s, dis, g-r-a—” he stammered.

“Beehaviour,” screamed the lady.

“B-e-e-h-a-v-e-r,” spelt the husband.

“Nonsense,” shrieked the infuriated woman.

“ N-o-n-s-e-n-s-e—try a harder, Betsy.”

“ Beast” was the objectionable word which found utterance on her fair lips.

“ B-e-a—”

The sudden flopping of a sofa cushion in his face interrupted what really promised to be a fair attempt.

“ My dear !” he remonstrated.

“ Oh, you—you—monster,” was the rejoinder, and Robinson coolly took up the running—

“ M-u-n-s-t-e-r,” he hiccuped. “ But, look here ; give us another, Betsy.”

She flew at him like an enraged tigress, and, seizing both his hands, held her infuriated face close to his.

“ Listen to me !” she shrieked. “ You and your spelling bee—”

“ Do—do—don’t swear, Betsy,” he pleaded.

She did not heed him, but went on—

“ Is all moonshine.”

“ *Are all*, Betsy.”

“ Is—is—is all moonshine. I know all about it. And you, Mr Clever, perhaps you can spell —separation.”

“ With pleasure ; s-a-ap—”

The next instant the gas was out, Robinson’s head had come in violent contact with the wall,

and the stillness of the house was broken by the rapid ascent of female feet on the stairs, followed by the banging of a door.

And the word she had propounded<sup>1</sup> was uttered no more. In its place there was next day substituted the prettier word "reconciliation," which Robinson spelt after a fashion of his own, thus—

"S-e-a-l-s-k-i-n-j-a-c-k-e-t."

#### WHAT A WIFE SHOULD AND SHOULD NOT BE.

1. She should be like a snail, keeping as much as possible within her own house; but she should not be like a snail to carry all she has upon her back.

2. She should be like an echo, and speak when spoken to; but she should not be like an echo always to have the last word.

3. She should be like a town clock, always keeping time and regularity; but she should not be like a town clock to speak so loud that all the town may hear her.

#### ILLUSTRATIVE KISSING.

A Georgian young lady is going to lecture on "Kisses" in Washington, and it is said that she is to borrow a young man to illustrate on.

## A SCULPTOR.

Brown and Smith were out a few days since, when they were met by a well-dressed individual, who appeared as if he was somebody and wanted everybody to know it.

"Do you know that chap, Smith?" said Brown.

"Yes; I know him. That is, I know of him."

"Well, who in the name of sense is he?"

"Why, he's a Sculptor."

"Such a swellish-looking chap as that a Sculptor. Surely you must be mistaken?"

"He may not be the kind of one you mean, but I know that he *chiselled* a tailor out of a new suit last week."

## A PRAYER FOR "POOR JACK."

Long ago it was, and in some parishes it still is, customary to solicit the prayers of the congregation on behalf of the sick and others peculiarly or dangerously situated, the precentor conveying the request to the minister in presence of the congregation. On one occasion in Dundee the precentor read out that "a sailor, who is going to *see* his wife, desired the prayers of the congregation on his behalf." The announcement

for prayers under such circumstances created no little astonishment in the church, which was only removed by the minister explaining that it was the wife who desired the prayers for her husband, who was about to proceed to sea.

#### A REPENTANT SINNER'S RETURN TO LOCHEE.

A flesher early one Sunday morning was returning to his home in Lochee, after closing his Saturday night's business in Dundee. The voyage homeward was not quite plain sailing, and having fallen in with a lamp-post he fondly embraced it, and was found with it in his arms by a policeman, who, after shining his "bull's-eye" on the flesher's face, said, "What are you doing here, Andrew, holding on by that lamp-post on the Lord's morning?" "What's your business?" says Andrew; "this is an auld freend o' mine, and has done me mony a guid service. Gae awa' hame and read your Bible, and there you will find

'For while the lamp holds on to burn  
The greatest sinner may return.'"

No. VIII.

## APROPOS TO THE LAST EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF THE NORTH POLE.

*(From Tom Hood.)*

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### POEM FROM THE POLISH.

From seventy-two north latitude,  
Dear Kitty, I indite,  
But first I'd have you understand  
How hard it is to write.

Of thoughts that breathe and words that burn,  
My Kitty, do but think ;  
Before I wrote these very lines  
I had to melt my ink.

Of mutual flames and lovers' warmth  
You must not be too nice ;  
The sheet that I am writing on  
Was once a sheet of ice.

The Polar cold is sharp enough  
To freeze with icy gloss

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The genial current of the soul,  
E'en in a "Man o' Ross."

Pope says that letters waft a sigh  
From Indus to the Pole ;  
But here I really wish the Post  
Would only "post the coal."

So chilly is the northern blast  
It blows me through and through ;  
A ton of Wallsend in a note  
Would be a *billet-doux*.

In such a frigid latitude  
It scarce can be a sin  
Should passion cool a little where  
"A Fury" was iced in.

I'm rather tired of endless snow,  
And long for coals again ;  
And would give up a sea of ice  
For some of "Lambton's Main."

I'm sick of dazzling ice and snow—  
The sun itself I hate ;  
So very bright, so very cold,  
Just like a summer grate.



For opodeldoc I would kneel  
My chilblains to anoint ;  
O, Kate, the needle of the North  
Has got a freezing point.

Our food is solids—ere we put  
Our meat into our crops  
We take sledge-hammers to our steaks,  
And hatchets to our chops.

So very bitter is the blast,  
So cutting is the air ;  
I never have been warm but once,  
When hugging with a bear.

One thing I know you'll like to hear,  
Th' effect of Polar snows,  
I've left off snuff—one pinching day  
From leaving off my nose.

I have no ear for music now,  
My ears both left together ;  
And as for dancing, I have cut  
My toes—it's cutting weather.

I've said that you should have my hand  
Some happy day to come ;

But, Kate, you only now can wed  
A finger and a thumb.

Don't fear that any Esquimaux  
Can wean me from my own ;  
The girdle of the Queen of Love,  
Is not the Frozen Zone.

Wives with large estates of snow  
My fancy does not bite ;  
I like to see a bride—but not  
In such a deal of white.

Give me for home a house of brick,  
The Kate I love at Kew,  
A hand unchapped—a merry eye,  
And not a nose of blue.

To think upon the Bridge of Kew,  
To me a Bridge of Sighs ;  
Oh ! Kate, a pair of icicles  
Are standing in my eyes.

God knows if I shall e'er return,  
In comfort to be lulled ;  
But if I do get back to port,  
Pray let me have it “mulled.”

## No. IX.

**SOCIAL AND UNSOCIAL BORES.**

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IN society we meet with all kinds, and among others with what may be termed social bores or nuisances. We meet with a gentleman who will insist on shaking hands with you as often as he meets you. I can't say I like this to be repeated three or four times a-day, and I am rather inclined to think that the "*shaker*" some day or other means to shake something out of you if he can, more to his advantage than the individual he shakes.

Then, again, we have the big jolly farmer, who, not content with nearly wringing the hand off you, comes slap down on your back with his great big hand, liker a fore-hammer than a thing of flesh and blood. Of course all this is kindly and well meant on the part of the warm-hearted farmer, and is submitted to as if the torture was a pleasure. For my part I could dispense with the performance. One might do with wringing

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the hand off, but should you happen to have an enlarged heart, or one given to extra palpitation, the knocker down on the back is not just the best thing for a party so affected.

Again, we have those individuals who delight in tormenting a fellow-creature because he happens to be very small or very stout, or has some other peculiarity or infirmity. Such conduct is very reprehensible, and far from being gentlemanly, for it should be remembered that we are not our own architects. On one occasion a friend asked Burns—Nature's Poet-Laureate—why God made Miss Davies so little and a lady who was with her so large, and the following answer was instantly recorded by the poet on a pane of glass on the window which the two ladies had just passed :—

“ Ask why God made the gem so small,  
And why so huge the granite ;  
Because God meant mankind should set  
The greater value on it.”

Parties who are rudely attacked about their thickness or thinness, or such like, should just laugh it over, and the laugh in the end will turn *as a rule* against the aggressor.

A very stout Englishman, in the stage-coach time, and who laughed down his stoutness, was always in the habit of taking two seats for himself instead of one, so as to secure comfort to himself and his fellow-passengers. The old gentleman got an Irish man-servant, and sent him one day to take two seats for him on a stage-coach. The Irishman went and fulfilled his instructions to the very letter, but when the stout gentleman went to the "coach" he found that one of the seats was in the inside and the other on the outside, the only two to let. For a moment he was puzzled as to how he was to dispose of his corporation, seeing he could not very well be both outside and inside at one time, but liking the joke, he good-naturedly paid his seats, and often related the story, to the enjoyment of others.

There is another bore to society, and that is the systematic flatterer. He is a decided nuisance, and it is painful to come under his operations, for as the human flesh is very susceptible of flattery, it is the less able to retort upon the tormentor.

I recollect of an amusing incident which happened at the Perth Circuit a good number of years ago, and where the flatterer got his deserts

to the full measure. After the business of the Court for the day was over, a number of gentlemen, composed of ministers, doctors, and lawyers, &c., sat down to dinner, and after dinner toasts were proposed, and among others a Dundee lawyer proposed the health of a Dundee minister, and in doing so the flattery was very transparent indeed—so much so that the minister, who saw the glaring flattery, completely snuffed out the lawyer in one sentence by saying—“Gentlemen, it is written that flattery, even from the mouth of a fool, is pleasant—I thank you.” Down sat the divine, amid roars of laughter at the lawyer’s expense.

Then among other social bores we have the man who is perpetually boasting about himself—the deeds and wonders he has performed, the illustrious ancestors he has generated from, and the aristocratic friends and acquaintances he is connected with. Such a boasting man undoubtedly is a social bore ; but as he is occasionally amusing at his own expense, he may for a time be tolerated.

A very good story is told of a convivial party who met over a tumbler of toddy in the Newport Inn. In the course of the conversation

a discussion arose as to the effect of blood in the breeding of the human race. One gentleman, who was somewhat elevated, and who always considered himself thorough-bred, ventured to remark that the blood of his ancestors was superior to that of any one present, when a gentleman, who was quietly puffing away at a *Church Warden*, simply remarked, in Scottish parlance, that the young gentleman's ancestors *might have been a parcel of bloody fools for all that*. This remark, it is said, completely put the thorough-bred gentleman's pipe out, as he did not venture another remark concerning his ancestors that evening.

Burns, with his sarcastic wit, extinguished one of the guests at the table of Maxwell of Terraughty, whose whole talk was of dukes with whom he had dined, and of earls with whom he had supped, by the following four lines, which were given extempore :—

“ No more of your titled acquaintances boast,  
    Of the gentles and nobles you've seen ;  
An insect is still but an insect at most,  
    Though it crawls on the curl of a queen.”

Old boasters will never be cured of their boasting habits ; and young gentlemen, if they

do not wish to be made laughing-stocks of, should avoid anything like self-praise. Let our young friends act throughout life so as to merit praise, and when that praise comes from others, it will be the better appreciated.



No. X.

## VARIORUM.

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### HOW PAT SPUN OUT THE HONEYMOON.

*Place*—Third-class carriage from Kirriemuir to Dundee.

*Time*—Saturday night in harvest.

*Dramatis Personæ*—Mike, an Irish reaper ; Kathleen, his wife ; and Bill, an English navvie.

*Bill*—Well, Mike, you've had a fine week of it. Lots of money, Pat ?

*Mike*—Well, Bill, I've seen a deuced sight worse week. A good wage is a rair good plaster to a poor man's back, especially at hairst time.

*Bill*—You'll be handing over the dollars to Kathleen there to keep or spend for you ?

*Mike*—Och, an' it's there you are, is it ? Do you take me for a Cockney, or an unbroken colt ? Faix an' it would be a foin day for me some time next week were I to hand over to swate Kathleen the whole of the blissed dibs. Na, na, my lad ! but I'll let ye into a bit of a secret,

which may be of service to ye some day, should ye ever think of getting spliced. Jist keep the dollars in yer own pocket, an' yer wife will mak' o' ye as long as they last. When they are getting short ye'll be getting a fresh supply. That's the way Bill, my boy, to spin out conjugal luve. Nothing like renewing the honeymoon from week to week, Kathleen, my honey! and making it last for iver.

*Kathleen*—(some drily) utters—Imphm.

#### ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES BY SAM SLICK.

“Our minister used to say to Sister Sall (and when she was young she was a rale witch, almost an everlasting sweet girl)—Sally,” he used to say—“now’s the time to larn when you are young; store your mind well, dear, and the fragrance will remain long arter the rose has shed its leaves. The otter of roses is stronger than the rose, and a plaguy sight more valuable.”

#### FORFARIAN NOSEGAYS.

A pic-nic party set out from Dundee. The party were very mindful of themselves, but somewhat forgetful about their horses. Coming

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home they crossed a small burn, when one of the horses stood stock-still and partook very freely of nature's beverage. There being little sign of the animal's thirst ever being quenched, the driver, who was considerably elevated, came across its back with the whip, saying—"Come, ye drucken brute, hae dune ; I declare ye would drink there till your nose became as red as ony nose in Forfar."

#### THE CENTRE OF GRAVITY.

A certain case, relating to the loss of a cargo of wood at sea, was tried in the Court of Session a number of years ago. A shipmaster from Dundee was examined as a witness for one of the contending parties, and on being asked if he knew where the centre of gravity lay, he replied that he was not very sure, but he rather thought it lay in London. On hearing this answer, it need hardly be told that the whole Court, from the president down to the macer, lost their *gravity*, and enjoyed a hearty laugh at the expense of the Dundee skipper, who, in the witness-box, had lost both his longitude and latitude.

## EFFECTS OF THORLEY'S FOOD FOR CATTLE.

Some seven or eight years ago, a bull when being driven to the cattle market through the streets of Dundee, took the liberty of paying a visit to an ironmonger's shop, and after one flourish of the tail and one or two bounds, found itself head and ears among pots and pans and all sorts of hardware. The shopkeeper, although a volunteer and a man of metal besides, was obliged to beat a retreat to the backshop, where he was kept for a short time a close prisoner, Mr John Bull acting as sentry over him. After some time elapsed the bull was got rid of, very much to the relief of the unwilling prisoner, who, when released, asked at the onlookers—“What on earth could tempt the brute to come into my shop?” “Oh,” says a wag, “don't you see what is in your window, man?” “No; what is it?” was the reply. “Why, nothing less nor more than that large placard with “*Thorley's Food for Cattle*” on it. After that the ironmonger had the ticket removed, and it is said that he was never afterwards troubled with a bull's visit. This anecdote reminds me very much of Pickwick's celebrated shooting party, where a setter dog pointed steady at a ticket on

a tree having these words upon it—"All dogs found trespassing within these preserves will be shot." On no account would the setter pass the ticket, remaining as immovable as Lot's wife after she was salted. Another instance of canine precocity may be given. A lady had a favourite Prince Charles poodle called Fairy, which was in the habit of meeting the postman and carrying his mistress's letters to the dining-room, where it regularly deposited them on the lady's couch. One morning, after getting a solitary letter from the postman, Fairy dashed off with it at double-quick time, and instead of depositing it as usual on the lady's couch, she deliberately pitched it into the fire. The lady observing the wonderful freak rushed to the fireplace, and snatched the half-burned letter from the flames. Enough of the letter was preserved to show that it was a dog-tax schedule.



No. XI.

## ACTIONS FOR SLANDER.

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OUR Courts are often inundated with actions to recover damages for supposed injuries done to character and reputation by slander. While the real slanderer certainly deserves to be punished for stealing his fellow's good name, more than 50 per cent. of the actions so raised should never be raised at all. The most of the actions for slander are traceable to temper, while not a few are brought to turn slander into stock or profit. In the course of debates at public Boards, and in private companies, too, people of a certain temperament, and who have not learned to bridle their tongues, give utterance to expressions which in their calmer moments they would never dream of uttering. Parties who so conduct themselves should have no hesitation when they cool down to do the honourable by retracting and apologising for the statements so made in anger. To retract

such statements with a corresponding apology is no sign of cowardice or weakness, but is rather the true trait of the character of an honourable man. Again, parties who consider themselves slandered in argument should pause before they rush into law courts to have their characters purified. If their characters are really and truly good, they need not go to law to get that fact ascertained. Their own consciences should be their judges, while their fellow-citizens, who know them better than any unknown jury, will at once acquit the aspersed of the charges brought against them, and, as a rule, will hurl the aspersions back upon the head of the accuser. Little trifles often create mischief, and it is really laughable to see the different actions which, from time to time, are brought under the head of slander. Not long ago a civic dignitary in Fife called an official, or the official called the civic dignitary—I forget which—“a puppy,” with an illustrative adjective affixed. The alleged “puppy” felt aggrieved at being so named, on the ground that he disclaimed all connection with the canine race, and appealed to the Court of Session to have it declared that he was not a dog but a man; but their Lordships unanimously held that it was not actionable to call a man “a

puppy," even with an adjective before it, and the result is that in all probability the injured dignitary or official will be called "a puppy," plus the adjective, throughout the period of his natural life. People who madly run into the Courts of Session or other law courts, as a rule come out of them poorer, though wiser, than when they went in, and wisdom purchased under such circumstances is generally dearly bought.

Again, as to those individuals—and they are many—who attempt to turn an alleged slander into a profitable bit of business, such people should receive but little sympathy. It is a noticeable fact that the majority who run into courts of law to have their character and reputation vindicated have none to lose, which reminds me of a very good story told by Judge Halliburton in his inimitable work of "Sam Slick, the American Clockmaker." Sam Slick's father was a man with considerable capital; he was singularly peculiar in his actions, but always strictly honourable, while he was in the habit of saying things sometimes more plain than pleasant. On one occasion, and while speaking of Mr So-and-So, Sam Slick senior, in no measured terms, called Mr So-and-So a scoundrel and a blackguard, and in saying so he was not very far

away from the mark. Mr So-and-So heard of the slanderous statements made against him, and as a matter of course felt very indignant, all the more so as Sam Slick senior was a man of money, and immediately an action of damages for 5000 dollars was raised and served on the old gentleman, who defended the case without the aid of counsel. In course of time the cause was tried before a judge and jury. The plaintiff, who was sure of success, fee'd the highest counsel the State could afford, while the defendant, in his own peculiar way, acted for himself. Evidence was led clearly proving that Mr Slick had, with the usual Yankee embellishments, called the plaintiff a scoundrel and a blackguard, and the senior counsel for him made what he thought a most telling speech for his client, and when he wound up with such words as these—"Gentlemen of the Jury,—The defendant has taken away the plaintiff's character, which will take at least 5000 dollars to replace"—it was generally thought that the dollars were all secured. It was, however, old Sam Slick's innings next. Calmly and quietly he rose up and said—"Gentlemen,—You, or the most of you, know the plaintiff as well as myself, as well as our respective characters. His learned counsel has

said that I have taken away his client's character. Gentlemen, if I have done so, all I can say is that the plaintiff ought to be very thankful." The jury without retiring returned a unanimous verdict for the defendant, with costs.

As a rule, little is to be gained by such actions as I refer to, the parties generally being made laughing-stocks of, while financially they are both losers. I know one gentleman in Dundee who was awarded one farthing of damages with which to whitewash his character. That farthing is attached to his watch chain, as gold guineas are worn by certain gentlemen. It was a dear farthing, however, as it cost the wearer and present owner upwards of £150, and while it dangles the wearer's character remains *as it was.*

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## No. XII.

V A R I O R U M .

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## A BROAD HINT.

A maiden lady, suspecting a female servant was regaling her beau upon the cold mutton of the larder downstairs, called Betty and inquired whether she did not hear some one speaking with her downstairs. "Oh no, ma'am," replied the girl, "it was only me singing a psalm." "You may amuse yourself, Betty," replied the maiden, "with *psalms*, but let's have no *hims*, Betty—I have a great objection to *hims*." Betty curtsied, withdrew, and took the hint.

## A TAR'S REPLY.

Some time since a shipowner in despatching a vessel had a good deal of trouble with one of his men who had got very top-heavy on his advance wages. After the vessel had accomplished her voyage, and on settling with the crew, it came to this man's turn to be paid.

“What name?” asked the merchant. “Cain, sir,” was the reply. “What, are you the man who *slew* his brother?” rejoined the merchant. “No, sir,” was the ready and witty reply of Jack, with a knowing wink and giving his trousers a hitch, “I am the man that was *slewed*.”

#### REMOVING A WINE CELLAR.

Theodore Hook once said to a gentleman, at whose table a publisher got very drunk—“Why, you appear to have emptied your *wine cellar* into your *bookseller*.”

#### CANTER AND DECANTER.

Jones’ studies in physiology, equitation, and the practical chemistry of alcohol, have convinced him that a *canter* will give you ruddy cheeks, while a *decanter* will give you a ruddy nose.

#### A VOCALIST IN THREE PIECES.

Wilson, the celebrated vocalist, was upset one day in his carriage near Edinburgh. A Scotch paper, after recording the incident, added—“We are happy to state that he was able to appear the following evening in *three pieces!*”

## THE CLERGYMAN ANSWERED.

“John,” said a clergyman to his man, “you should become a teetotaller; you have been drinking again to-day.” “Do you never take a drop yourself, minister?” “Ah, but John, you should look at your circumstances and mine.” “Varra true, sir,” says John; “but can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?” “No, John, I cannot tell you that.” “Weel, sir, it was just because every one kept their own door clean.”

## A KNOWING FOP.

An impertinent young fellow offered to bet the teacher of a lady’s grammar school, who was boasting of the proficiency of his pupils, that none of them would *decline* the noun husband.

## INDISPUTABLE.

“Are these pure canaries?” asked a gentleman of a bird-dealer with whom he was negotiating a gift for his fair charmer. “Yes, sir,” said the dealer, confidentially; “I raised them ‘ere birds from *canary seed*.” It was deemed sufficient proof of their purity.

## HOW TO OPEN OYSTERS.

Said Hosea, as to opening oysters, "Why, nothing is easier, if you only knew how." "And how's how?" asked Hezekiah. "Scotch snuff," replied Hosea, very gravely; "Scotch snuff: bring a little of it ever so near their noses, and they'll sneeze their lids off!" "I know a man who knows a better plan," observed Hezekiah: "he spreads the bivalves in a circle, seats himself in the centre, reads a chapter of Artemus Ward to them, and goes on until they are interested. One by one they gaze with astonishment at Ward's whoppers, and as they gape my friend whips them out, peppers away, and swallows them!"

## EXPLAINING A PASSAGE.

A dispute about precedence once arose between a bishop and a judge, and after some altercation the latter thought he should confound his opponent by quoting the following passage:—"For on these two hang all the law and the prophets." "Do you not see," said the lawyer, in triumph, "that even in this passage of Scripture *we* are mentioned first?" "I grant you," says the bishop; "you HANG first!"

## A LITTLE DEAR.

“What do you ask for this article?” inquired an exquisite of a young shopwoman. “Fifteen shillings,” was the reply. “Aren’t you a little *dear*?” said he. “Well,” she replied, blushing considerably, “all young men tell me so.”

## PAT’S REPLY.

An Irishman having returned from Italy, where he had been with his master, was asked in the kitchen—“Well, then, Pat, what is the *lava* I hear the master talking about?” “Only a *drop* of the *crater*,” was Pat’s reply.

## TRUTH IN MEN.

“There is no truth in men,” said a lady in company. “They are like musical instruments, which sound a variety of tones.” “*In* other words, madam,” said a wit who chanced to be present, “you believe that all men are *lyres*.”

## A DAMPER.

A young man, residing near Bedford, volunteered his services to see a young lady home from a party. On the way he cudgelled his brains for

some interesting topic of conversation to amuse her with. He could hit upon nothing until they met several cows, when the swain said, with much simplicity of manner—"Now, isn't it strange what a motherly appearance a cow has?" to which the lady replied—"I do not think it strange at all, sir, that a *cow* should have a motherly appearance to a *calf*." The beau was silent during the remainder of the walk.

#### COLOURED DUST,

A little boy, who had an "inquiring mind," came home from the Sabbath school one day, and, meeting his mother, the following dialogue took place :—"Mamma?" "Well, my dear." "Mamma, the teacher says that all people are made of dust." "Yes, my darling, so the Bible says." "Well, mamma, are white people made of dust?" "Yes." "Well, then, I s'pose coloured people are made of coal dust, ain't they?"

#### I NEVER EAT SUPPER.

"Reflect, my brethren," exhorted a priest, "that whosoever falls this day in battle sups to-night in Paradise." The fight began, the

ranks wavered, the priest took to his heels, when a soldier, stopping him, reproachfully referred to the promised supper in Paradise. "True, my son, true," said the priest, "but *I never eat supper.*"

#### LIVERS AND LIGHTS.

"How rapidly they build houses now," said Tom to an old acquaintance, as he pointed to a two-storey house; "they commenced that building only a week or two ago, and they are already putting in the *lights*." "Yes," rejoined his friend, "and next week they will be putting in the *livers*."

#### THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE.

"How shall we get cotton?" said a Northern manufacturer to a late American President. "Well, I suppose you must just wait till the Southerners *get worsted*," was Abe's reply.

#### "GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE."

The common phrase, "Give the devil his due," was turned very wittily by a member of the bar of North Carolina some years ago on three of his legal brethren. During the trial of a case,

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“Hillman, Dews, and Swain” (all distinguished lawyers, and the last-named President of the State University) handed James Dodge, the Clerk of the Supreme Court, the following epitaph :—

Here lies James Dodge, who dodged all good,  
And never dodged an evil ;  
But after dodging all he could,  
He could not dodge the devil.

Mr Dodge sent back to the gentlemen the following impromptu reply :—

Here lies a Hillman and a Swain,  
Their lot let no man choose ;  
They lived in sin and died in pain,  
And the devil got his *dues* (Dews).



## No. XIII.

K I S S I N G .

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KISSING is a very old institution, and one which should be revered, provided it is properly administered and kept in its own proper place. Now-a-days it has become far too common, and has consequently lost or is losing the sacredness which enhanced it in days gone by. Go where you like, in public or in private, and the kissing *mania* may be observed to an alarming extent. The other day I chanced to be in a railway carriage at a railway station where two ladies were kissing away at each other as if for a wager. A gentleman sitting opposite, pointing at the kissing objects, said, somewhat excitedly, "Do you observe that, sir?" I nodded affirmatively. "Well," says the gentleman, "I do not know what you think of it, sir, but I call it a rightdown waste of raw material." I gave an acquiescing smile, and the train moved on, leaving the two ladies to finish what they had so enthusiastically begun. We are told that

there is a time and place for everything, and surely this should apply more particularly to the practice of kissing. As it is practised just now it is a decided nuisance, and one which the Police Commissioners should regulate, under the powers conferred by their Act of Parliament and the bye-laws which they can make from time to time. Were the Police Commissioners, with their usual energy, to take up the matter, I have no doubt the nuisance complained of would soon be removed—at all events abated. If some public step is not taken, then private individuals will have to take some measures to protect themselves from the inflictions which for some years they have borne with considerable patience. Josh Billings on this subject gives a very sarcastic article which, as it may be of some use to the powers that be, I will give in Josh's own words :—

#### KISSING CONSIDERED.

“ Man was made tew mourn,” so warbled Burns ; “ and women was made tew kiss,” so warbles Billings. To give a fertile and golden opinyun upon kissing in the lump and kissing in the detaile requires a man ov truth and some experience in tasteing.

## IN THE LUMP.

Kissing iz one of those fu things that iz easier done than deskribed ; in fack, about the onla way tew deskribe it well iz tew do it well. It iz, without doubt, a very anshunt enterprise, and judging from what we know ov human natur in this latitude it must have struck Adam az a good investment when he first diskovered his wife. If Adam did not kiss Eve at sight he ain't the man i take him tew be, and if Eve didn't relish it, it must have been because it wasn't well done. Thare iz one thing about kissing in the lump different from the rest ov the fine arts, and that iz, it don't require enny eddikashun tew dew it ; i have even thort that the more unedikated it waz did (provided it didn't miss the mark) the more touching it waz tew behold. But kissing iz a good deal like eating ; thare iz not much fun (when a person is hungry) in standing by and see it did bi another fellow, if it iz did ever so well. It iz one of the cheapest and healthiest luxurys of the season, and don't show enny disposishun to go out ov fashion, and will keep sweet in enny climate. Upon the whole, if yu examine kissing in the lump clussly yu will be led tew exclaim—

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*Firstly*, that it iz as eesy tew have it did az it iz handy tew do it ; *secondly*, that it iz like Couper's tea, it cures a man without cooning him ; and *thirdly*, it is a frugal, highly concentrated, and reverend luxury.

#### IN DETAILE.

When we cum tew thro oph glittering generalities, and approach our subjeck in single file, it is then the divinitee ov the art seems to be spotted, and reveals tu us all the shades ov pomp and circumstanze, from the sublime and tender, clear down tew the redikilus and tuff. Mother's kiss and little baby's kiss are az pure az the utterance ov angells ; so iz the artless kiss ov sister Mary and cousin Fanny. But thare iz one cold blu, lean kiss that alwus makes me shever tew see. Two persons (ov the femail perswashun), who hav witnesst a great menny younger and more pulpy days, meet in publick plase, and not having saw each uther for 24 hours, tha kiss immegiately, and then they blush and laff at what they sa tew each other, and kiss again immegiately. I would not objeckt tew awl this, if it wasn't sich a waste ov sweet-ness on the dessart air. I am willing tew be sworn that this kind ov kissing always puts me

in minde ov two olde flints trieing to strike fire. How different this from the konnubial kiss I witnesst last nite. I knu he was a husband jist got back from a bizzness tower by hiz haste. He past me at the korner below, and, awl unexpected, enkountered hiz wife, and as natral as the bee tew the flower tha flu together. Thare wasn't ennything sentimental about that kiss. It rang out on the air as clear as the challenge ov a perlice offiser. Thare want mutch preliminary about it neither, for it smashed a 50-dollar bonnet, and mixed up a barricade ov edging and frizzled tuckles. It want the fust one, it was tew well did for that. It want the supping ov two trembling lovers, afraid ov the echo ; it want studdyed out nor stolen ; but it wast full ov honest ripeness and chastened struggle, which made me hanker—for one oph from the same plase. Jist one more remark and I am thru. There is one kind of kissing that has alwus been deemed extra hazardous (on account ov fire), and that is kissing yure nabers wife. Getting the wife's cnsent don't seem tew make the matter enny the less risky.

Trusting to hear and see less of kissing in public in future, I will bid adieu to my kissing friends.

No. XIV.

## V A R I O R U M.

## A CLERICAL SCENE.

AT a Circuit Court held in the north of Scotland some years ago a case of bigamy was tried, and as usual two divines were present as witnesses—the one to prove the first marriage, and the other the second. One of the ministers put up at a well-known inn, which was kept by a very smart Englishman. The night before the trial the innkeeper's dining-room was literally crammed, the company consisting of all sorts—advocates, lawyers, doctors, &c., &c., not forgetting the divine in question. After the cloth was removed, the champagne and other wines flowed but too freely, the result being lots of headaches in the morning, along with large hotel bills to pay. The divine in question was a man who drawled out his words with great precision, just, in fact, as if each word needed a stool for itself, whereas the English hotel-keeper was as sharp as a needle, each short clipt sentence passing like a

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flash of lightning ; and when the one greeted the other next morning the following rather amusing dialogue took place between them :—

*Innkeeper*—Good morning, sir. Good morning.

*Divine*—Good—morning—sir. I—feel—very bad—this—morning—Mr—C—.

*Innkeeper*—Indeed, sir. Very sorry for it, very. Too much wine last night, I fear.

*Divine*—Oh—I—think—I—recollect—hem—could—I—get—my—bill—Mr—C—?

*Innkeeper*—Certainly, sir. Bills always ready at night for gentlemen in the morning. Waiter, number four's bill.

*Waiter*—Yes, sir. Here it is (handing it to the divine).

*Divine*—Oh—ah—a—very—large—bill—this—Mr C—.

*Innkeeper*—(looking at bill)—It is rather large, sir. A deal of wine drank, sir ; very.

*Divine*—Could—I—have—porridge—and—milk—to—my—breakfast—this—morning—Mr C—?

*Innkeeper*—Certainly, sir ; a very good thing is porridge and milk, sir ; very.

*Divine*—And—what—do—you—charge—for porridge—and—milk—in—the—morning—Mr C—?

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*Innkeeper*—Two shillings, sir ; just the same as other breakfasts, sir ; all the same.

*Divine*—Oh—dear—me—then—I—will—just—take—coffee—with—ham—and—egg.

*Innkeeper*—Very good, sir, very. Waiter, coffee and ham and egg for number four.

*Waiter*—Yes, sir.

*Divine*—Here—is—your—bill—Mr—C—. Confound—that—fellow—why—was—he—not content—with—one—wife? My—fee—of—seven—shillings—and—sixpence—a—day—will—never—look—at—my—bill—Mr—C—never.

*Innkeeper*—Never! Very hard case, sir ; very. I hope the fellow will be convicted.

*Divine*—Convicting—the—fellow—my—dear—sir—will—not—pay—my—bill. Good—morning.

*Innkeeper*—Good morning, sir.

And so ended the dialogue. The praiseworthy attempt to retrench and economise on the part of the divine was not long of collapsing when he learned that the porridge and milk was based on the same financial footing as the Englishman's standard breakfasts of coffee, with ham and egg.



## IRISH HENS.

An Irish travelling merchant asked an itinerant poult erer the price of a pair of fowls. "Six shillings, sir," was the reply. "In my swate country, my darling, you might buy them for sixpence a-pace." "Why don't you remain in your own swate country, then?" "Bekase we have no sixpences there, my jewel," replied Pat.

## HOW TO ADDRESS A LORD.

A firm of engineers received in the way of business a letter from a noble Lord in the district which required an immediate reply. The senior partner undertook the duty, but was immediately checked by the difficulty of addressing his Lordship in the name of the firm. "My Lord," he felt, was not the proper form; and he laid the matter before the junior partner, who could only suggest "Our Lord" to meet the difficulty. None of these forms, however, pleased the senior partner, and the advice of their confidential clerk—who was generally regarded as a "long-headed chiel"—was sought. The resources of this individual were exhausted

when he suggested "Great Lord ;" but as this was voted as absurd as the others, it was agreed to sleep over the matter, and see what a new day might bring forth. The trio next day were rather annoyed to find matters *in statu quo*, none of them having been visited with gleams of inspiration during the night ; and so, to get out of the dilemma, the reply to his Lordship was written on a business memorandum form, which saved them the necessity of personally addressing that illustrious personage.

#### THE SNORE.

Oh, the snore, the beautiful snore,  
Filling her chamber from ceiling to floor,  
Over the coverlet, under the sheet,  
From her dimpled chin to her pretty feet ;  
Now rising aloft like a bee in June,  
Now sunk to the wail of a cracked basoon,  
Now flute-like subsiding then rising again,  
Is the beautiful snore of my pretty Jane.

#### HOW TO GET OUT OF A SCRAPE.

Let your beard grow.

No. XV.

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A FISHING ADVENTURE.

THREE gentlemen, including myself, resolved to have a fishing excursion; and, having fixed upon a stream which runs into the Esk near to Marykirk, we proceeded to that village, and after taking our beds in the village inn, we took our way to the fishing stream, so as to have two or three hours' fishing in the evening. One of the three gentlemen was a very keen fisher, and was always the first on the water and the last to leave—his basket notwithstanding, however, being generally the lightest. After we had walked about half-a-mile from the inn, I observed that the keen fisher had left his rod behind him, and it was very refreshing indeed to see him tearing along to get first on the water, his empty hands and arms going like propelling engines. Enjoying the joke, I allowed him to go on for about another quarter of a mile, when I innocently asked the gentleman how many pieces were in his rod. He first looked at the one hand and then at the other, and exclaimed, "Good gracious! have I come

away and left my rod?" I said I rather thought as much, as I could not see he had any rod except the road he was on. Annoyed and disgusted at his blunder, the disappointed fisher had no alternative but to return to the inn for his rod, and I need scarcely say that for once he was not first on the water that night.

After this little innocent adventure, my remaining friend and I proceeded to our allotted stream by the banks of the Esk, which is a protected river, and which we had no permission to fish. When opposite a mansion on the other side, I observed a salmon feeding, and although I had no salmon tackle, I could not resist the temptation of putting on my line, a set of Loch-leven flies, and the strongest cast-line my book afforded, and at the third cast the coveted salmon was a fixture. Never having had a salmon on before, and considering my gentle tackle, as a matter of course my nervous system was on a severe trial, and it was put to the test indeed when the owner of the mansion opposite came out bareheaded, and in an excited state ordered me off the water as a trespasser. This, under the peculiar circumstances, was a decided fix, and, lifting my hat, I apologised, and stated I was sorry I could not get away;



and such was the fact, for I was much more attached to the salmon than the salmon was to me. I also expressed a feeling that our engagement would not be a lengthy one, which was too true, for the salmon, after making a spring out of the water and turning a somersault, broke my fragile line—becoming a loose fish once more, and making me at same time a free man. Rolling up my line, I again lifted my hat to the excited owner of the manor, and, bidding him good evening, proceeded on my way to the more hospitable stream, where we enjoyed two or three hours' good fishing without interruption. Our friend who had left his rod in the inn rejoined us, and returned to the inn at the close with *nil*, although, like many other keen fishers, he counted a great number of *nibbles*.

## ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

“*Eternal Punishment*” has recently become the *eternal* sensational theme of a number of divines and writers, and if they have succeeded in one thing more than another I humbly think they have succeeded in making the darkness of the future a little more visible. We are all wonderfully and fearfully made. I ask my two most obedient servants, my legs, to take me to

the Telegraph Office to despatch a message, and in a twinkling of an eye they are off with me. The message is despatched, and in return I ask them to dinner. In a very short space I am reconveyed, and they are comfortably placed below the mahogany. If I overtax, however, my two most obedient servants, not only do they suffer, but the whole corporation being of a sympathising nature, or body, suffers also. If my stomach requires meat or drink, it, in its own peculiar way, cries or pleads for them, and it knows and tells when it has enough. Should I against its will, however, supply it with more than it requires, the stomach rebels, and I suffer in the flesh in consequence. Inwardly, again, I and all others have a pretty little mental monitor called the conscience, which not only tells us when we have done wrong, but, like the clock which gives warning before striking, it warns us beforehand, and tells us, moreover, how to act justly and properly. When we lay ourselves down to rest at night, the thinking man takes stock of himself for the day, and the pretty little monitor, which is never asleep, tells us plainly enough wherein we have erred for the day. We are sorry for the errors pointed out by our mental friend, and, asking for forgiveness,

we resolve to improve for the future by the past day's experience. This being so, and again alluding to eternal punishment, I am of the belief that every man and woman have it within their own power to make a heaven or a hell to themselves on earth as they like, and if we

“ Make a little heaven below,”

not only do we please ourselves, but we help to make a heaven to those who are nearest and dearest to us, and, if we so act on earth, we need, I think, have little fear for the mysterious future. The teaching of our Saviour on the Mount to do as we would be done by, is a golden rule, and points at an eternal happiness both here and hereafter. Let us accept the teaching. They talk of reforming or revising the Bible. To this talk I say let “ well ” alone. Let us accept the teaching of that blessed Book. The Bible has been our guiding star heretofore—is the true “ secret of Britain’s greatness ”—and, as revealed to us, “ If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book ; and if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life.”

## No. XVI.

**V A R I O R U M.**

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## WIDOWS AND WIDOWERS.

As two gentlemen were discussing the merits of a popular preacher one of them remarked, "He always prays for the widows and orphans, but never says anything about widowers." The other, an inveterate old bachelor, dryly replied, "Perhaps it would be more appropriate to return thanks for them."

## LAW AND PHYSIC.

When Dr Sawyer and Lawyer Robertson were walking arm in arm one day a wag said to a friend, "These two gentlemen are just equal to one highwayman." "Why?" was the response. "Why, because the one is a lawyer and the other is a doctor—your money or your life."

## MILTON ON WOMAN.

Milton was asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages, to which he replied, "No, sir. One tongue is more than sufficient for any woman."

## HAND AND GLOVE.

A dyer in a Court of Justice was ordered in the witness box, while taking the oath, to hold up his right hand, which was all black with dye. "Take off your glove, friend," said the Judge to him. "Put on your spectacles, my Lord," was the dyer's reply.

## APPROPRIATE TO BURNS' MONUMENT IN DUNDEE.

"While Genius, needy wretch, was yet alive,  
No generous patron would a dinner give;  
See him, when starved to death and turned to  
dust,  
Presented with a monumental bust.  
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown—  
He asked for bread and he received a stone."

## AN HIBERNIAN CHARTIST.

A Chartist at a public meeting, in the course of a speech about the "five points" of the

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Charter, exclaimed—"Gentlemen, is not one man as good as another?" "Uv coorse he is," shouted an excited Irish Chartist, "an' a great deal bether!"

#### LANDLORD AND TENANT.

Says his landlord to Thomas, "Your rent I must raise,  
I'm so plaguily pinched for the pelf."  
"Raise my rent," replies Thomas, "your Honour manes well,  
For I never can raise it myself."

#### BLOWING A NEIGHBOUR'S NOSE.

Sir William Johnstone had a very long nose, and was playing at chess with old General Brown. During the time of the game Sir William, who was a heavy snuff-taker, was continually using his snuff-box. Observing the Baronet over the table with a drop from his nose ready to descend on the chess-board, and being at the same time in a very bad humour with the game, the General said angrily—"Sir William, blow your nose." "Blow it yourself," replies Sir William, "it is nearer you than me."

## A LUCKY PATIENT.

The question asked by an hospital physician was, "How many deaths this morning?" "Nine," was the reply. "Why, I ordered medicine for ten!" "Yes, but one would not take it!"

## A FOWL ILLUSTRATION.

A minister of no very extraordinary amount of ability undertook to preach a sermon on the ingratitude of man for his daily mercies, and having held forth for a considerable time with great gusto, he brought his sermon to a close by the following remarks:—"Ah, my dear brethren, even the very fowls condemn us. Look at that domestic bird the hen. Every time it takes a drink of water, does it not lift up its head to heaven in thankfulness? Yes, it does. Oh, that we were all like hens!"

## NO MARRIAGES IN HEAVEN.

"Cries Sylvia to a Reverend Dean,  
What reason can be given,  
Since marriage is a holy thing,  
That there are none in heaven?"

There are no women, he replied ;  
She quick returns the jest—  
Women there are, but I'm afraid  
They cannot find a priest.”

#### THE DEAN OF ELY'S GRATITUDE.

One day at the table of the late Dean of Ely, and just as the cloth was about to be removed, the subject of discussion happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality amongst the lawyers. “We have lost,” said a gentleman, “no less than six eminent barristers in as many months.” The Dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remark, and returned thanks as follows :—“For this and every other mercy the Lord's name be praised. Amen.”

#### LAWYERS AND SAWYERS.

No matter which way, down must come the dust.



No. XVII.

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COURTSHIP.

COURTSHIP is to be my theme for this writing—a somewhat delicate subject—but nevertheless a very popular one. Court ship is a very nice and agreeable “ship,” provided it is well ballasted, manned, and steered. In nautical language, the captain should be an A.B., and classed at Lloyd’s as A1, and his mate or better half should be ditto. With such a captain and mate the Court ship will have an easy voyage, and will disprove the old saying that “the course of true love never runs smooth;” but with a different crew, and otherwise managed, such a vessel, instead of turning out to be a *Court* ship, will likelier turn out to be a very **HARD SHIP** indeed. Old stagers profoundly advise young stagers to be careful in making love and selecting a wife, but the old stagers forget that nature has a great say in the matter, and, as a rule, nature has carried and will for the future carry the day. Love begets love, and the

choice is peculiar. There is love in the eye, in the heart, mind, and action, as well as in the face, and what pleases one may not suit another; and so the choice of nature very properly must predominate, notwithstanding the advice of the old staggers.

Love often begins at a very early stage, and it is very seldom that the first love gets its first love; and in many instances, perhaps, it is just as well that it does not, although the second choice may not be quite so verdant green or romantic.

Well do I remember a school companion of my own, of very tender years, who fell in love with his schoolmaster's daughter. She was a pretty girl, and wore her hair in ringlets, which were jet black. The youthful love was reciprocal, and one of the ringlets was given by the sweet-heart to her lover. The lover had read some novels, and from them had learned that lovers so circumstanced as he was wore the treasure next to their heart. Not being in a position in those days to purchase a gold locket or charm, he purloined the top of his father's razor case, and putting the ringlet within it, the lover had the ringlet suspended over his heart. A great search was made for the missing top of the

razor case, but it was never found, and it was generally supposed, by those who did not know, that a rat had stolen it, and so the youth escaped from even being suspected. For years he wore the ringlet suspended, as already stated, but he did not marry the schoolmaster's pretty daughter, although she is now married, and as happy as happy can be, while I suppose my youthful friend is also as happy.

Another instance of youthful love I recollect of, where two youthful and boon companions both fell in love with another pretty girl, and so sincere was their friendship that the two tossed who should retire from the love field, and, as a matter of course, one gained, and the losing one retired ; but, notwithstanding, the lady made another selection, and so neither of the lovers got the lady, which proves how fickle love is indeed, and that in some instances "love" is but "a toss up" after all. Courtship, however, is an institution both natural and important, pleasant at the time, and prospectively more so ; and regarding it a writer of great note writes as follows :—" The pleasantest part of a man's life is generally that which passes in courtship, provided his passion be sincere, and the party beloved kind, with discretion. Love, hope, and

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all the pleasing emotions of the soul rise in the pursuit. There is nothing of so great importance to us as the good qualities of one to whom we join ourselves for life. They do not only make our present state agreeable, but often determine our happiness to all eternity. Where the choice is left to friends, the chief point under consideration is an estate. Where the parties choose for themselves, their thoughts turn most upon the person. They have both their reasons. The first would procure many conveniences and pleasures of life to the party whose interests they espouse, and at the same time may hope that the wealth of their friend will turn to their own credit and advantage. Good nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life ; virtue and good sense an agreeable friend ; love and constancy a good wife or husband. Where we meet one person with all these accomplishments, we find an hundred without any of them. Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness and miseries. A marriage of love is pleasant ; a marriage of interest easy ; and a marriage where both meet happy. A happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and, indeed, all the sweets of life."



After what that writer has said little requires to be written. In courtship there are only two to the bargain. Let their eyes and senses be their own merchants.

There are a great number, however, of flirts in the male department, while there are again a great number of coquettes in the female department. I have no sympathy towards a man who flirts with a woman's affections, nor have I any sympathy towards a coquette who flirts with a man's ; and regarding the flirt and coquette they will both get, or should get, their proper reward.

Breaches of promise of marriage, on the ladies' part, I dislike, because I think the lady is ill-advised in bringing such an action. It reveals matters which should not be revealed, and may spoil a market which ought to be preserved.

In the course of courtship I have noticed several times a matrimonial arrangement set aside owing to gossip or slander, and lovers engaged in such an important affair as courtship should not listen to such, unless there are very good grounds indeed for what is said ; and regarding this latter matter I think I could not do better than now give what has been written by a lady, on hearing her lover slandered. I do

not know who the authoress of the verses is, but they are evidently from an angelic pen, if ever an angel condescended or descended to write poetry :—

“ He may be all that you have heard,  
If proved, 'twere folly to defend ;  
Yet pause ere ye take in one word  
Against the honour of a friend.

Forget not former happier days,  
When none could breathe a sweeter name ;  
And if you can no longer praise,  
Be silent, and forbear to blame.

How many seem in haste to tell  
What friends can never wish to know ;  
In answer, once I knew him well,  
And then, at least, he was not so.”

And to close this “Once a Week,” and regarding courtship, I finally have to say that each party, male and female, should please themselves, and which will at the same time please nature—the best matrimonial judge we have on earth.

No. XVIII.

**MARRIAGE.**

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THE Apostle Paul has said that marriage is honourable, and undoubtedly it is, or at all events should be ; but now-a-days it apparently is nearly as much honoured in the breach as in the observance. It is also said somewhere that marriages are registered in Heaven, and, if so, it makes one wonder very much where the divorces are now recorded, and I suppose we must come to the only conclusion, that they are registered below ; and if this be the case, judging from the number of divorces which are dished up to us from day to day by the press, the Registrar's berth below cannot be a sinecure. While marriages ought to be honourable, divorces on the other hand are disgraceful. According to the Divine law, whom God hath joined together no man should put asunder ; but the Court of Session in Scotland, with its superior power, as well as the Courts of England, set aside the

Divine rule, and put asunder in a very wholesale way the marriage ties which were meant to bind each other for life. I am not very sure but that a great number of the divorces, especially in England, are arranged mutually by the married parties beforehand, which, if so arranged, brings about a judgment of divorce very easy, the result being that the two individuals concerned are again let loose upon society, when it would be better for society if they were kept together.

Parties before marrying should well consider what they are about, knowing first that their love is true and reciprocal, and that the obligations to follow are enduring till death puts them aside. In courtship, or love-making, I am rather inclined to think that many make love under false pretences, concealing their different faults, and revealing artificial manners, thoughts, and ideas which may please, and the result is that the faults previously concealed are only revealed after marriage, and hence arise so many domestic quarrels which end in discomforts, separation, and divorces. A fire is easily kindled, and once so it is not ill to blow it up into a large flame. Great responsibility lies on the husband, because his conduct, as a rule, will tend to mould the wife to be either

good or bad. Too often the husband who idolises his wife to begin with neglects her, which leads to great discouragement on her part, and perhaps to something worse. The husband too frequently may go to his Club and other such places, leaving his wife at home in solitude. It would be far better for the husband to bring his friends to his own house, where a good and sensible wife would always make them welcome. A soft answer turneth away wrath, and many a domestic broil is the consequence of that text not being carried out. The husband has much to think of in business matters, and should he come home with a cloudy brow, the wife should receive him kindly, and the dark cloud will soon disperse. Cooking, again, on the part of the wife is a most essential part of her duty, for a hungry man is generally an angry man, and if he is an economical man it will not improve his temper to see his dinner spoiled. A certain judicial Judge, well known, married his cook, and it was said she reached his Lordship's heart through his stomach by her superior cooking. If there were less deception in courtship, and more attention to each other in marriage, there would be fewer divorces and disagreements. Deception is a dangerous commodity, and although

painting and the use of cosmetics are not now so much used as they were by the fair ladies in years long gone by, still they are yet used to a certain extent. Deception, in any way, is bad, and let it be remembered that there can be deception in the mind and manner as well as in the face. It will be seen from an article which appeared in the *Spectator* last century what the writer of it thought of the deceptive practices then in use. That article is briefly as follows:—

“ ‘Compassion for the gentleman who writes the following letter should not prevail upon me to fall upon the fair sex, if it were not that I find they are frequently fairer than they ought to be. Such impostures are not to be tolerated in civil society, and I think his misfortune ought to be made public as a warning for other men always to examine into what they admire.’ ”

“ Sir,—Supposing you to be a person of general knowledge, I make my application to you on a very particular occasion. I have a great mind to be rid of my wife, and hope, when you consider my case, you will be of opinion I have very just pretensions to a divorce. I am a mere man of the town, and have very little improvement but what I have got from plays. I remember in ‘The Silent Woman’ the

I learned Dr Cuthberd or Dr Otter (I forget which) makes one of the causes of separation to be *error personæ*, when a man marries a woman and finds her not to be the same whom he intended to marry, but another. If that be law, I presume it is exactly my case. For you are to know, Mr Spectator, that there are women who do not let their husbands see their faces till they are married.

“ Not to keep you in suspense, I mean plainly that part of the sex who paint. There are some of them so exquisitely skilful this way that give them but a tolerable pair of eyes to set up with, and they will make lips, cheeks, and eyebrows by their own industry. As for my dear, never man was so enamoured as I was of her fair forehead, neck, and arms, as well as the bright jets of her hair; but, to my great astonishment, I find they were all the effects of art. Her skin is so tarnished with this practice that when she first wakes in a morning she seems old enough to be the mother of what she was the night before. I shall take the liberty to part with her by the first opportunity, unless her father will make her portion suitable to her real, not her assumed, countenance. This I thought fit to let him and her know by your means.”

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I therefore close this number by repeating that no deceptions should be used before marriage, and that after marriage the partners should learn to study each other ; and if so, the faults on both sides will gradually disappear—happiness and peace taking the place of the separations and divorces now so painfully common.



No. XIX.

**PARENT AND CHILD.**

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HAVING disposed of love, courtship, and marriage after a fashion, I mean to-day to refer to the relationship of parent and child, and the reciprocal duties the one owes to the other. By the law of nature, *written on the heart*, and as laid down by Mr Patrick Fraser, the Sheriff of Renfrewshire, the living and standing author on domestic relationship, "parents are bound to aliment, nourish, and support their children." It requires no great legal head to lay down this doctrine, seeing that nature has already dictated it, and has already written it on the hearts of all true parents. But there is more needed than the mere alimenting, nourishing, and supporting the children, for be it remembered that as the twig is bent the tree is inclined, and therefore much lies with the parents in rearing their children in such a way that they may hereafter become useful and happy members of our great and social family. Many parents idolise and

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spoil their children, while others again neglect them, and I am not sure which is in the best or worst position. Perhaps the neglected child, notwithstanding the neglect, may turn out after all to be the best man or woman. Parents, I think, should make their children always companions, instead of sending them to the nursery, and keeping them apart, as is too much the present fashion. Children are very quick in the uptake, and the more the parents associate themselves with them, the sooner will the minds of the children be matured and ripened for their subsequent life. I think it an error to cram children with too much learning, or to tax their little minds with too many tasks or lessons. Children, to begin with, are somewhat after the parrot species, copying and imitating what they hear and see ; and not to be supposed to be irreverent, seeing that I got the following anecdote from a reverend gentleman, I will give the anecdote as I got it, and it is as follows :— A youthful and loving couple got married, and the result was a first-born baby boy. In the eyes of the delighted parents there was no such boy in the parish or the kingdom, and as he grew in years no other boy was so expert, so *precocious*, and could answer his questions like

him. When any visitor called, the child was exhibited in his best, and, as a rule, the visitor had to undergo the trouble of hearing the youngster answering the questions put to him by the happy parents. On one occasion a visitor, who was a bit of a wag, paid a visit, and, as usual, the child was exhibited. The fond mother, after extolling her child, asked the visitor to put questions to the child, just to see how the little-boy would so well answer them. Accordingly the visitor asked the little one who made him, and before the question was half out the answer was properly given. He then asked who redeemed him, and the proper answer was as quickly given. The wag, knowing the natural frailties of the parents, then asked—"Who combed your hair this morning, my pretty little boy?" and the answer was, very much to the astonishment of the parents, no doubt—"The Holy Ghost." While it is quite right to store the infant mind so far, it is just possible—indeed likely—to overstore it. As the child grows up, and I write more particularly regarding boys, their parents should make them nearly as their equals, gradually preparing them for their future life. It is a noticeable fact that where boys are curbed and kept in, and then launched into the

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vortex of society, and away from their parents, they too often lose their heads, and in their giddiness go down to destruction. Parents would do well to pave the way for their children before they separate.

While there are natural and legal obligations on the parent towards the children, there are reciprocal obligations on the part of the children towards their parents, and again referring to Fraser on the law of domestic relationship, I find the following text from that author, viz. :—  
“The obligation of children towards their parents consists mainly in their obedience towards them, and their duty to aliment and supply them in all their necessities, according to their children’s ability.” “The duties of reverence and obedience which children owe their parents have no ‘civil remeids,’ and cannot be enforced. Where, however, the child proceeds to the extent of cursing his parent, he may be criminally prosecuted. It is declared by statute (1661, c. 20) that a child above the age of sixteen years, who, not being distracted with harsh or cruel treatment, shall beat or curse a parent, shall be punished with death. A panel convicted of assault, and beating and cursing his parents, was sentenced to seven years’ transportation, on restriction of the pains

of law. A similar sentence was pronounced in a recent case : James Stevenson, jun., Jedburgh Circuit, April 1864."

Now, although the old law no longer exists, there exists a moral obligation upon the children to help and aliment their parents in second childhood—old age ; and it is painful indeed to notice the number of cases in Court, at the instance of parents against their children, to enforce the obligation referred to ; and if such children had any pride at all they would never allow such actions to be raised. If a mother brings up a child from infancy to manhood, he can be no man at all who will refuse to help his own mother in her decay.

It is also noticeable, and painfully so, that many who get exalted in the world do not know their own fathers, and will cross to the other side of the street so as to pass them. This is poor pride indeed, and makes the sons very small. If a man, through his exertions, exalts himself from a low degree to a high one, he has the greater honour, and that honour will not be diminished by his acknowledging his earthly creator.

I recollect of the first murder case I had, and which necessarily gave me great concern. A lad

and his sweetheart one evening were standing courting together, harming no one, when two fellows came up, and one of them stabbed the lover to the heart with a joiner's chisel, and he fell down dead at his sweetheart's feet. I acted for one of the two, and fee'd counsel to defend him for the murder. The case was tried before the Circuit, and the night before the trial I went to the Circuit to have a consultation with counsel, and not finding him in the hotel, as I expected, I went to his father's house, thinking, naturally, that I would find him there ; but no, his father saying—"Our son never looks near us noo. We gied him a guid edication here, and at the College, but he's owre big for us noo. We see his name in the papers noo and again, but we are prood o' him for a' that."

Let us honour our fathers and mothers. If we do not we dishonour ourselves.



No. XX.

**THE MARVELS OF THE DEEP.**

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No doubt there are many marvellous animals in the mighty deep who get more marvellous when they get upon the dry land, and more particularly so when they get into type. The sea-serpent has not yet got ashore, although it has been so often seen by writers on the subject. Perhaps the serpent has too much of its own peculiar cunning to induce it to leave its native bed, or perhaps the eyes and brains of the descriptive writers have been misled on the subject. We will, in the meantime, however, leave the serpent alone, and will deal with a few marine animals in whose existence there can be no doubt; and as their historical history, when typified, is somewhat interesting, we will give a few illustrations, which, if not positively true, will at least be amusing.

## A PIOUS COD.

According to a report in the *Scotsman* newspaper a few years ago, a cod was taken, and in

its stomach was found a Bible, which contained on the fly-leaf the name of William Sim, a native of Dundee, with the date 1830, and it was said that in consequence of the evidence of that Bible and the entry on the fly-leaf, the heirs of William Sim, being his brother and sister, succeeded in obtaining a warrant in the Outer House of the Court of Session (from the Lord-Ordinary Mure) to uplift several hundreds of pounds belonging to William Sim, who was described in the legal proceedings as a sailor, a native of Dundee, who had gone to sea in 1834, and had not since been heard of. The cod who swallowed the Bible apparently had not thriven on the "Word." At all events, it had not digested it properly. It is singular, however, that the cod, with its valuable and holy contents, should have been caught so opportunely as to enable the Lords of Council and Session to give a righteous decision in favour of the heirs of William Sim, the sailor, and original proprietor of the Bible.

#### A COD WITH SPECTACLES.

A hawker in Fife purchased a pair of spectacles for fourpence, and after burnishing them up to resemble gold, he sold them for a considerable

sum to a fisherman, representing that they were indeed the gold spectacles which had been worn by Lord Balmerino, who was executed for high treason. Some time afterwards the hawker met in with the fisherman, and asked him how he was pleased with the spectacles. The fisherman said they pleased very well, but unfortunately he had lost them by dropping them into the sea the very day after buying them. The hawker said he was very sorry at that, and bidding the fisherman good day, he disappeared to make the most of the conversation. The first thing the pawky hawker did was to purchase another pair of spectacles resembling the pair which was lost ; and, having burnished them as bright as the former pair, he one morning repaired to the beach, where he found his friend the fisherman busy in the midst of his morning's take. Singling out a nice cod by the eye, he quietly and unseen shoved the spectacles down the cod's throat. After some little conversation the hawker asked the fisherman what he would sell the cod in question for, and the reply being six-pence, the bargain was made and the price paid. The hawker then asked the fisherman to clean the cod for him, as his landlady was from home and he was left to cook. The fisherman good-

naturally consented, and what was his astonishment to find his spectacles in the inside of the animal ! He at once claimed them as his property, but the hawker disputed his claim, and said that he bought the fish as it stood, with all its parts and pertinents ; and latterly the parties made a bargain whereby the hawker got his old price for the glasses. The fisherman was very proud of securing the spectacles at any price, and many is the innocent yarn he has no doubt told about the adventure of Lord Balmerino's gold spectacles.

#### A SHARK BULLET PROOF.

Captain Brown, of Newport, a friend of the writer, has many a good sailor's yarn to relate. He sailed for long as captain of first-class mail vessels to and from the Cape of Good Hope, and had occasion to meet all kinds of society, and many was the joke which was passed on their sometimes wearisome voyage. On one voyage, and when within about fourteen days' sail of the foreign port, one of the deadliest foes the seaman has—a huge shark—was descried in the wake of the ship as she scudded along under full canvas. The tars were soon on the alert

after hearing “A shark! a shark!” sung out, and they determined that their enemy should be invited to spend the night on board ship with them. Accordingly the cook, with his shirt sleeves rolled up to the oxters, with a huge carving knife commenced in a very artistic style to cut off a nice piece of tempting pork for their august follower. All hands set to with a will, and a nice piece of bacon was neatly skewered on a hook, as if it were to be done before the fire. The passengers were all called up from the cabin to witness the catching of the fish; and ladies and gentlemen, with the crew, witnessed the scene with great interest. Certain articles of food were thrown overboard without a hook to whet the animal’s appetite for the dainty dish which was to follow, and morsel after morsel was eagerly devoured by the voracious fish. At last the boatswain was ordered to lower the principal dish of the evening, which was done quite in a model style. The fish eyed the large piece of meat which had been thrown out to him, and whether it was ashamed at the ship’s kindness, or suspicious that there was something wrong with its generosity, the shark swam three times round the bait, and did not seem very much inclined to partake of it, to the

great disappointment of the fair ladies and gentlemen who were earnestly watching the exciting scene, and to the crew, who with hand-spikes in hand were waiting to give their guest a warm welcome on board. The fish backed astern, still keeping the tempting morsel in view. The temptation was too strong to last long, and the animal made one grand dash, bolted the bait and hook, and a strong side jerk being given by the tars in charge of the line, the voracious animal became a fast fish, and with the aid of a windlass was lifted on board, where it received its death-welcome from the hand-spikes of the crew. The passengers, who had often heard of the marvellous articles of all kinds which were found in the shark's interior, expressed a wish to be present at the *post-mortem* examination. To this the captain at once consented, but as the dusk had set in he suggested that the body should not be opened till the following morning after breakfast. This was agreed to, and the passengers retired to the cabin for prayer and supper, headed by the captain. After prayer and supper were over the captain went on deck and piped for the first mate, who answered the call. "Look here," says the captain; "take a nine-pound

ball and shoved it down the brute's throat into its stomach. You must do this yourself, and whisper it to no one, and keep your gravity to-morrow at the dissection. "All right, captain; dumb as a lamb to-night, and double-quids in both cheeks to-morrow during the ceremony." "All right," says the captain, "but as I would not like the bullet to appear as wadding over the pork, see that you shift it below the pork, and take out the pork first." "All right, sir." After supper and during next day's breakfast many surmises were given forth as to what was likely to be found in the huge stomach of the dead fish. Well, the breakfast passed off, and the passengers, headed by the captain, proceeded to the dissecting quarter of the deck, all the spare crew being there to lend a hand. The cook, under the superintendence of the mate, commenced operations in a business-like manner. After the fish was partially cut up, the large piece of pork was taken out whole, and sundry of the tempting morsels which had been sent out as forerunners of the principal dish; and then to the astonishment of all the mate brought out a nine-pound ball, all covered and dripping with the animal's blood. The ball was rolled along the deck, very much to the amazement of

all who were not in the secret. Various fishes and matter were also found, but none which gave the same interest as the nine-pounder. At dinner the discussion was animated as to how the ball could have got into the fish's stomach. Some thought it must have been picked off the ground at the bottom of the sea. Others thought that it must have been a spent ball which the brute had spied in the water and swallowed. While a third theory was stated and upheld by an antiquarian, and apparently a curiosity hunter, that the ball must have been deliberately shot into the animal's mouth from some ship which it was pursuing. No definite conclusion was arrived at, and the discussion on the subject continued from time to time through the remainder of the voyage. When land was hailed, the antiquarian and curious gentleman hailed the captain and asked him as a particular favour to give him the wonderful ball. The captain at once agreed, took him aft, and gave him the ball, which the gentleman, Pickwick-like, rolled in a handkerchief, and locked carefully in his chest. The captain adds that his name is not Bob if that 'ere bullet is not now in some foreign museum, with a full and true particular account *of its history* engraved on it.

## A TEETOTAL SHARK.

Some six years ago a shark was caught not far from the shores of Dundee, and when it was dissected there was found in its stomach, among other things, a sailor's bonnet and a corked up soda-water bottle, containing a message from the deep in the following lines of verse—

“*On Board the Beautiful Star, Sunday, 1st Sept. 1872.*

“ We have crossed the line, and all's well.

“ Last night the captain's lady had a pretty little boy.

“ Heaven bless the little stranger,  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.  
Save it, Lord, from every danger,  
The angels bright their watch will keep.

“ O ! gently soothe its tender years,  
And so allay a parent's fears ;  
A father's love, a mother's joy—  
May all that's good attend their boy.

(Signed)      “ANNETTE GORDON.”

How the bonnet and the soda-water bottle came to be in the shark's interior is a problem which remains yet unsolved. Apparently the owner of the bonnet, unlike Jonah with the

whale, had agreed with the shark's stomach, as the bonnet was all that remained of Jack. Regarding the soda-water bottle with the message which the fish carried, that was a double mystery to the Dundonians. Some thought that the animal after a night's debauch had gobbled up the soda-water bottle in the morning. Some, again, surmised that the shark had been of the Good Templar species ; while not a few considered it just possible that the bonnet and innocent bottle had found their way to the animal's stomach by the hands of some wag in Dundee. Be this as it may, the wonderful shark in question was presented to the Provost and Magistrates of Dundee, and having been duly stuffed by their honours, it now adorns the Dundee Museum, where it may be seen by the curious.

The above records certainly appear to be very marvellous indeed, and my readers can judge for themselves as to the verity of the same. The writer, however, thinks that these stories and such like have led to the Scotticism of "*Sic a whale*," which means that people in general do not believe the story.

On reading the other day Dr Talmage's "*Around the Tea Table*," I fell in with his

ideas about Jonah and the whale, and as they are very amusing, as well as instructive, I will give them exactly as the Doctor has given them, which will close this number :

JONAH *versus* THE WHALE.

Unbelievers have often told us that the story of the prophet swallowed by a great fish was an absurdity. They say that so long in the stomach of the monster Jonah would have been digested. We have no difficulty in this matter. Jonah was a most unwilling guest of the whale. He wanted to get out. However much he may have liked fish, he did not want it three times a day and all the time, so he kept up a fidget, and a struggle, and a turning over, and he gave the whale no time to assimilate him. The man knew that if he was ever to get out he must be in perpetual motion. We know men that are so lethargic they would have given the matter up and lain down so quietly that in a few hours they would have gone into flukes and fishbones, blowholes and blubber. Now we see men all around us who have been swallowed up by monstrous misfortunes. Some of them sit down on a piece of whalebone and give up. They say,

"No use! I will never get back my money, or restore my good name, or recover my health." They float out to sea, and are never heard of again. Others, the moment they go down the throat of some great trouble, begin immediately to plan for egress. They make rapid estimate of the length of the vertebræ, and come to the conclusion how far they are in. They dig up enough spermaceti out of the darkness to make a light, and keep turning this way and that till the first you know they are out. Determination to get well has much to do with recovered health. Firm will to defeat bankruptcy decides financial deliverance. Never surrender to misfortune or discouragement. You can, if you are spry enough, make it as uncomfortable for the whale as the whale can make it uncomfortable for you. There will be some place where you can brace your foot against his ribs, and some long upper tooth around which you may take hold, and he will be as glad to get rid of you for tenant as you are to get rid of him for landlord. There is a way out if you are determined to find it. All our sympathies are with the plaintiff in the suit of "*Jonah versus the whale.*"

No. XXI.

**V A R I O R U M .**

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**NOTHING LIKE TRUST.**

Spurgeon says "There is nothing in the world that impresses a man so much as trust. Some years ago I was mastered by a dog in that way. I own, in fact, that I was beaten hollow, and that he was conqueror over me. He came into my garden, and he had no business there. Thinking that he would not improve my flower-bed, I walked along quietly and threw my stick at him, and thus advised him to go somewhere else. What did that dog do ? He stopped, picked up the stick, wagged his tail, and came running to me with it, and laid the stick down at my feet. I felt ashamed of having thrown my stick, and the dog was told he might come round the garden when he liked. How could I do otherwise ?"

## FROM JOSH BILLINGS.

Half the discomfort of life is the result of getting tired of ourselves. People of good sense are those whose opinions agree with ours. Intellect without judgment is what ails about one-half the smart people in this world. To lie about a man never hurts him, but to tell the truth about him sometimes does. Christians seem to fite under cover, but the devil stands boldly out, and dares the world to single combat. Reason often makes mistakes, but conshince never duz. The man who is allwiss confessing his sins and never quitting them iz the most onsartin sinner I kno ov. The man who can set himself to work at ennything on 5 minnits' notiss haz got one of the best trades I kno ov. I have made up my mind that human happiness konsists of having a good deal to do and then keep a-doing it. Yung man, you'd better be honest than cunning, and it iz hard work to be both. My experience in life thus far has been, that 7 won't go into 5, and hav mutch or ennything left over. Abuv all things, lern yure child to be honest and industrious; if theze two *things* don't enable him to make a figure in

this world, he iz only a cipher and never was intended for a figure.

#### A WOMAN'S GRAMMATICAL CHARACTER.

A worthy minister, noted for his wit, on his being asked what sort of a person the wife of Mr So-and-so was, replied—"I will give you her grammatical character. She is a noun substantive, seen, felt, and heard."

#### TO BE SHAKEN BEFORE TAKEN.

Why is a nervous lady undergoing the process of marriage like a doctor's medicinal bottle?—Because she is shaken before taken.

#### TWO BLACK MISSIONARIES.

Some years ago, and when the Sheriff Court of Dundee was presided over by Sheriff Logan, two black missionaries made their appearance in Dundee to work in the Lord's vineyard, as they were pleased to term it. Two black missionaries were, however, too much for Dundee at one time—the more so as they were rivals in trade, and the result was that they each declaimed vehmently against the other, so much so that they

at last landed before Sheriff Logan in an action of slander, wherein it was stated that one of the missionaries had called the other a "blackguard." During the hearing of the case the black litigants waxed into great wrath at each other, and which ended in threats of personal violence. The Sheriff enjoyed the missionary scene immensely, and when dismissing the action, his Lordship remarked that he had often heard of the natives eating the missionaries, but in the present case the contending missionaries were all but gobbling each other up—a state of matters which did not say very much for their peaceful mission in Dundee. It reminded his Lordship very much of four lines written by a celebrated rhymster, who, being challenged to give a rhyme to "Timbuctoo," gave the following four lines—

"Oh that I were a cassowary  
On the plains of Timbuctoo,  
Where they ate the missionary,  
His body, bones, and hymn book too."

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#### AN IRISHMAN'S STRATAGEM..

“ An Irishman took a contract to dig a public well. When he had dug about twenty-five feet down he came one morning and found it had

fallen in—filled nearly to the top. Pat, after getting over his amazement, looked cautiously around, and seeing that no person was near, he took off his hat and coat, hung them on a windlass, crawled into a neighbouring thicket, and awaited events. In a short time the neighbours discovered that the well had fallen in, and seeing Pat's hat and coat on the windlass, they naturally supposed that he was at the bottom of the excavation. Only a few hours of brisk digging cleared the loose earth from the well. Just as the excavators had reached the bottom, and were wondering where the body was, Pat came walking out of the bushes, and good-naturedly thanked the workers for so kindly looking after his corpse, and relieving him of a sorry job. Some of the tired diggers were not over-pleased at the turn matters had taken ; but the joke was too good to allow of anything “more than a laugh,” which, as a matter of course, soon followed, after Pat had ordered refreshments for the kind-hearted excavators.

#### AN INCIDENT OF THE KINLOCH MONUMENT.

George Kinloch, the great reformer and outlaw for his fearless opinion, was a particular favourite in Dundee, and more especially among the

working classes was his memory revered and respected. To perpetuate his memory, a monument, by way of a statue, was resolved on, and, after a forty years' conflict, and through the unwearied exertions of the Committee, with Mr Hales at their head, the pedestal found at last a resting-place in the Albert Square grounds, Dundee. A site had been sought in the Magdalen Green, the Shore Terrace, and High Street, but in vain, as George had many enemies even in death, and interdict after interdict was from time to time threatened against the erection of the proposed monument. After the pedestal was erected in the Albert Square it remained a long time vacant, until, indeed, the patience of the people was all but exhausted. In front of the Albert Institute a water fountain was being put up, through the energy of Bailie Brownlee, and a day was set aside for inaugurating the opening of the fountain ; but still the Kinloch pedestal, standing alongside the fountain, was without its statue. A well-known wag got one of the Dundee sweeps to ascend and take attitude upon the pedestal, with roll in hand. Immediately before the ceremony of the opening of the fountain began the *sweep* took his place, and acted his part so well

that many in the crowd believed that it was the veritable George Kinloch himself, and not a few pronounced the figure to be a striking likeness of the great Kinloch. The monument, however, happened to make a movement or give a wink or other sign, which revealed the true state of matters, and a cry of "police" having been raised, the "statue" jumped off the pedestal and disappeared in the crowd in the twinkling of an eye. Some time afterwards the author of the joke happened to be in Perth, when a white-washed sweep staggered up against him and asked for a sixpence to quench his thirst, which, he said, the Perthshire air had provoked. "Who are you?" said the wag. "Why! don't you know me?" replied the sweep; "I am Kinloch's Monument!" The appeal for the sixpence was not in vain, and "Kinloch's Monument" staggered into the Moncrieffe Arms Inn, no doubt to quaff a tankard of ale to the immortal memory of the great Kinloch of Kinloch.

#### THE FINISH OF A DOCTOR'S JOB.

It is very singular to remark that one will seldom see a doctor at a funeral. The following anecdote is said to apply to Dundee, but no

doubt it may apply to other places as well:—  
A shoemaker attended a funeral at the Western Cemetery of Dundee, and, on returning, he met the doctor, who had previously scientifically disposed of the patient now buried. The shoemaker asked the doctor why he was not at the funeral. The doctor replied—“What use could I be there?” “Ah,” says the man of leather—“*Whan I finish a job, I aye tak' it hame!*” Sawbones walked off with his nose bleeding, and the shoemaker went to his *last*, chuckling.



No. XXII.

**MAD DOGS AND MAD MEN.**

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JUNE month of 1877 has certainly been made somewhat conspicuous (1) from the very fine weather it has introduced to us, after an excruciating winter and a most unpleasant spring; (2) from the many marriages which have been celebrated; and (3) from the Magistrates of Dundee ordering the citizens to muzzle their dogs for the period of six weeks, which appears to be the limit of their Honours' pleasure and the dogs' torture.

Regarding the pleasant weather June has given, we have only to say that we are truly thankful for it; and we hope that June will recommend July, its successor, to follow suit.

As to the numerous marriages the present month has been unprecedently afflicted with, June cannot be blamed for it, as she has had to take the burden of the two previous months on her shoulders. In April month few like to marry, in case they should be called April fools, although they may be foolish enough to marry

in some other month of the year for all that. In May, again, the ladies (unless they cannot help it) will not marry, as the month is deemed an unlucky one. May month may be rather an unpleasant one for those who have to pay rents, interests, and such like ; but I do not see why it should be a more unlucky month than any other month of the year, and far less can I see any good ground for its interfering with the matrimonial arrangements of the human race. As it is, however, June month at present has a good deal to answer for, and it is only to be hoped that the marriages celebrated during her present and auspicious reign this year will enjoy an everlasting sunshine hereafter.

Again, as to the imperative order by the Magistrates of Dundee, through their Superintendent of Police, to muzzle all the dogs of Dundee or to confine them, I consider that such an order is simply cruelty to animals in the extreme, and cruelty to animals of a superior and high class, which ought to be protected rather than abused by magisterial rule. The dog is the most faithful domestic animal we have, and perhaps sometimes more faithful than our more immediate friends in human life. To torture our worthy friend the dog in the way as

is now ordered is enough to drive the noble animal mad—at all events, it must make the sagacious animal think that man, and more particularly Magistrates, are not their best friends. “Love, me, love my dog,” has been written, and why a valuable dog or a pet should be tortured at the whim or caprice of Magistrates, who possibly may neither love dogs or anything else except themselves, may perhaps be best understood by the owners of dogs, if not by the general public at large. The dog is a useful and faithful animal, and is doubtless heir to certain troubles the same as the human race are ; but to muzzle all the dog fraternity because one or two of their number may get out of joint is rather peculiar. Upon the same principle, because a portion of humanity goes wrong, the whole should be muzzled or strait-waistcoated. In America and other countries dogs are thought more of than with us. A well-known author there writes on dogs :— “Dogs are various in kind, and, thanks to an all-wise Providence, they are various in number. They are the only animal of the brute persuasion which have voluntarily left a wild state of nature and come in under the flag of man. They are not vagabonds by choice, and love to belong to

somebody. This fact endears them to us, and shows them to be about the seventh cousin to the human species. They cannot talk, but they can lick your hand, which shows that their hearts are in the place where other folks' tongues are. Any man who will abuse a dog need not ask to be loved or prayed for. Any man who will abuse a dog will abuse a woman, and any man who will abuse a woman is thirty-five or forty miles meaner than a pale yaller dog." Such being the feeling towards dogs in America—so different from those exhibited in Dundee—should not our sagacious dogs, headed by such leaders as gentle "Cæsar" and honest "Luath," pictured by our Burns in his "Twa Dogs," emigrate to America, where they will be better treated and appreciated than in Scotland, and where, I presume, the muzzle is unknown? If our rulers, instead of muzzling good and faithful dogs, would apply the muzzle to some members at Public Boards, who everlastingly talk nonsense; to ladies who talk in public for the rights of women, and disgustingly about the Contagious Diseases Bill, and such like, while they would be better discharging properly the duties of wives and mothers at home; or the *speaking* wife, who *Caudleises* her husband

night after night with a curtain lecture—they—I mean our civic rulers—would do more good than muzzling the innocent canine race, which commits neither of the above offences. The dog has always been a favourite. Just listen to Lord Byron's epitaph on his favourite dog “Boatswain,” and I have done at present:—

“ When some proud son of man returns to earth,  
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,  
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,  
And storied urn records who rests below.  
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen  
Not what he was, but what he should have been.  
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,  
The first to welcome, the foremost to defend ;  
Whose honest heart is still his master's own ;  
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,  
Unhonoured falls ; unnoticed all his worth ;  
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth :  
While man, vain insect, hopes to be forgiven,  
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.  
Oh, man ! thou feeble tenant of an hour,  
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,  
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,  
Degraded mass of animated dust.”

While the above epitaph poetically compliments the dog, it certainly does not compliment the man.

*(Continued on page 148.)*

No. XXIII.

## V A R I O R U M.

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### A LARGE AND SMALL DIALOGUE.

Dialogue between the elephant and a midge on their entering into the ark :—Elephant—“Get out of the road.” Midge—“Wha are ye shoving ?”

### A MOUSE ON THE BEER.

A mouse ranging about a brewery happening to fall into one of the vats of beer was in immediate danger of drowning, and appealed to a cat to take him out. The cat replied, “It is a foolish request, for as soon as I get you out I shall eat you.” The mouse piteously replied that that fate would be better than to be drowned. The cat then lifted him out; but the fumes of the beer caused puss to sneeze, and the mouse having been dropped, it took refuge in his hole. The cat called upon the *mouse* to come out. “You rascal, did you not

promise that I should eat you?" "Ah," replied the mouse, "*but you know that I was in liquor at the time!*"

#### HOGG'S TALES.

"Are you fond of Hogg's tales?" asked a lady of an old farmer one evening. "Yes, I like 'em roasted, with salt on 'em," was the response. "No, but I mean have you read Hogg's tales?" "No, indeed," says he, "our hoggs are all white or black. I don't think there is a red one among them."

#### LOVE'S APPEAL.

How should love come to the door? Certainly with a *ring*, but not without a *rap*.

#### ORNAMENTAL USE OF TEETH.

"Why, Bridget," said a lady, who wished to rally her servant girl for the amusement of the company upon the fantastic ornamenting of a huge pie, "did you do this? You are quite an artist. Pray, how did you do it?" "Indade, mum, it was myself that did it," replied Bridget. "Isn't it pretty? I did it with your false teeth, mum."

## A GEM.

At a lecture of Bayard Taylor's a lady wished for a seat, when a portly handsome gentleman brought one and seated her. "Oh, you're a jewel," said she. "Oh, no," he replied, "I'm only a jeweller, and I have just now set the jewel."

## THE BLACKFACED ANTELOPE.

"Have you seen my blackfaced antelope?" inquired the keeper of a menagerie, slightly mispronouncing the name of the animal. "No," said a visitor. "Who did your blackfaced aunt elope with?"

## THE BACHELOR'S NOTION OF WIDOWS.

Widows, like two-edged swords, are dangerous things,  
And lead men by the nose as pigs with rings ;  
Their chief delight is digging up *their first*,  
"The best of men," to prove you are the *worst*.  
Marry her not unless her *first* was hung,  
But even that may not quite chain her tongue,  
For she may still comparisons pursue,  
*And say*, "The gallows is *too good* for you."

## EPITAPH ON A LOCOMOTIVE.

Collisions four  
Or five she bore,  
The signals were in vain ;  
Grown old and rusted,  
Her boiler busted,  
And smashed the excursion train.  
Her end was pieces.

## STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

An American divine preached one Sunday morning from the text, "Ye are the children of the devil;" and in the afternoon, by a funny coincidence, the same divine discoursed from the words, "Children, obey your parents."

## THE VALUE OF A DOCTOR'S SOUL AND CONSCIENCE.

To show how easy certificates can be got and manufactured by all kinds of people, and particularly by professions, I will give you the following illustration :—When Sheriff Logan first sat on the bench in Dundee, he had a jury criminal trial. When the roll was called, a cowfeeder did not answer to his name, and his

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Lordship fined him the usual statutory penalty of 100 merks Scots—equal to about £5. The fined cowfeeder, who was in the habit of going under a cloud for a few days every now and then, made his appearance in the chambers of a lawyer the following day after the fine was imposed, and wished him to petition the Exchequer to get the fine remitted. The lawyer asked why he did not attend ; he said he was ill. “What with?” “Diarrhoea,” was the response. “Had you a doctor in attendance?” “No.” “Have you any regular family doctor?” “Yes.” “Who is he?” and he named him. “Well, then, go to him and bring a certificate, if he will grant one, that you were unwell on the day of trial, and it will be forwarded along with the petition to the Exchequer. Away he went, and, sure enough, brought back a certificate, but which did not bear that it was *granted on soul and conscience*. The lawyer told the client that without “*the soul and conscience*” the certificate was perfectly ~~useless~~, and that he must go back to the doctor and get a certificate on soul and conscience. He went, and returned stating that the doctor would not give it on soul and conscience. The lawyer then asked him what he ~~gave~~ the doctor

for the simple certificate. "2s. 6d." was the answer. "Well, just go back and give the doctor another 2s. 6d., and you will soon be back with the doctor's soul and conscience." The delinquent was not long in bringing the amended certificate ; and it need hardly be said that the petition with the certificate, 5s. worth, including the 2s. 6d. for the soul and conscience, were duly forwarded to the headquarters, and that the distressed cowfeeder was relieved both in purse, body, and mind.

#### BAILING OUT A SAILOR.

Two seamen arrived at Portsmouth after a long voyage, and as a matter of course they must have a *breeze* on shore, and they were not very long before every bit of canvas was put on. They were latterly steered or towed to the police office ; but as one of them was more sober than the other, he was allowed to go, while the one who was completely waterlogged had to remain under the hatches. Next day the liberated tar was asked by his shipmates why he had not *bailed* his friend out. "Bail him out!" replies Jack ; "he would require to have been *pumped out*."

No. XXIV.

## MAD DOGS AND MAD MEN.

*(Continued.)*

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THE dog days in Dundee are now supposed to be about over, for which the canine race will no doubt be very thankful, although in their sagacious minds, if they have any, they will doubtless wonder why they should have been tortured so long with the cruel muzzle, and that at the very period when the freedom of breathing and drinking was most necessary—and be it remembered that dogs perspire through their tongues, while their masters perspire through their skins.

Last week a gentleman was brought up before the Police Court of Dundee on the charge that his dog, although muzzled, had bitten a boy, and evidently the cause of the dog so biting was the very muzzle which was put over its nose by the Magisterial orders of Dundee.

It is singularly noticeable that while a dog in Dundee is punished with a muzzle, the dogs in

Broughty Ferry, which is now part and pertinent of Dundee—composed of Dundee people—governed by a Police Commission and Magistrates—are allowed to go at large without muzzles ; and I have not heard of a single case of the calves, or any other parts of the natives of that large watering-place, having been attacked by the open mouth of our domestic favourite.

Stranger still, we have Newport, which is part of “The Kingdom of Fife,” within two miles of Dundee, and largely populated with Dundee people, including the respected Provost of Dundee, where there is no such cruel rule of muzzling the dogs ; and I have learned that the dogs of Newport have been quite as inoffensive as the dogs of the neighbouring village of Broughty Ferry.

This is very much to be wondered at, for why should the dogs in Dundee be *daft* and the dogs in Newport quite sane, and this all the more so as “the Kingdom of Fife” is notorious for its daftness—so much so, that a distinguished man once remarked that if the “Kingdom” were walled in, it would make an excellent lunatic asylum. Perhaps some one more gifted in animated nature will explain the cause why the

dogs on the south side of the Tay should be sane and those on the north side insane. My humble opinion is, that the muzzling of the dogs in Dundee has been a piece of cruelty from beginning to end, and that the sooner the obnoxious and *dogmatic* rule is put an end to the better. The police would do more good looking after thieves, with which Dundee abounds, than making a clever capture of an innocent quadruped. Dogs get the blame of many things they are not guilty of, and hence the saying—“*Gie a dog an ill name, and ye may as weel hang him.*”

I recollect some years ago of a clever theft in Dundee, under the following circumstances:—A Dundee flesher carefully looked after his business, and in the course of his trade he exhibited at his shop door various articles, such as sheep heads, trotters, bullocks’ tongues, &c. Two thieves in search of their dinner noticed the conspicuous and tempting tongues at the flesher’s door, and they resolved to victimise the poor flesher. Accordingly one of the hopefulest made a rush into the shop, and hastily addressing the flesher, said—“Man, did you no see a muckle black dog running awa’ wi’ a muckle tongue in its mouth?” “No possible,” said the unsuspecting flesher, who fancied one of his

tongues was off; and, seizing a cleaver, he rushed out of the shop after the supposed dog thief, and getting a glimpse of one of the canine race somewhat answering the description given, he made full chase, but lost sight of the animal at the corner of the Overgate, where a crowd of hangers-on are always to be found loitering. The flesher, somewhat discomfited, appealed to the crowd by asking if any of them had "seen a muckle black dog wi' a tongue in its mouth?" "Wi' a tongue in its mouth!" said one of the crowd; "you stupid man, did ever ye see a muckle black dog without a tongue in its mouth?" "I am sold," said the worthy flesher; and so he was, for when he returned to the shop, he found that the whole of his tongues were off, as well as the two thieves who had taken them!

Our Magistrates and police, therefore, I think in future should look after the bipeds, and leave the quadrupeds, in the shape of dogs, alone.



No. XXV.

## V A R I O R U M.

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CESSIO BONORUM.

This is a process by a party in the lowest state of bankruptcy, who applies to the Court for personal protection from imprisonment, and which protection as a rule is granted, provided there is no fraud on the part of the bankrupt, and that he assigns all his goods (*bonorum*) to a trustee, on behalf of his creditors. The creditors, as a matter of course, are all called to the process for their interest ; and in a case of the kind some time ago two of the creditors so called had a look over the wonderful process of *cessio bonorum*. One of the two creditors, unfortunately for himself, had had a little more experience than the other, he having been called previously several times to similar processes ; and on being asked by the other to explain what the process really meant, he answered—"Weel, I canna very weel tell ye ; but sae far as my experience gaes, the creditors get the *cessio*, and the lawyers the *bonorum*."

## CUTTING THE END OFF.

An Irish sailor, on board one of the emigrant ships to America, and who was a green hand, was the day before leaving Liverpool engaged in hauling in a very long rope, which had been employed in fastening the ship to her moorings. After pulling a considerable time he stopped, and, with a shrug of his shoulders, at the same time wiping the sweat from his forehead, in great excitement he exclaimed—"Be jabers, but somebody has cut the end off."

## A NOSER.

The well-known Tom Raikes, whose letters and memoirs have been published, and who was a tall large man, very much marked with small-pox, having one day written an anonymous letter to D'Orsay, containing some piece of impertinence or another, had closed it with a wafer and stamped it with a thimble. The Count soon discovered who the writer was, and in a room full of company thus addressed him—"Ha, ha ! my good Raikes, the next time you write me an anonymous letter, you must not seal it with your nose."

## STRIKING RESEMBLANCE.

Davy Crockett happened to be present at an exhibition of wild animals in the city of Washington, where a monkey seemed to attract his particular attention, and he abstractedly observed—"If that fellow had on a pair of spectacles, he would look like Major Wright, of Ohio!" The Major happened to be just behind Crockett, and tapped Davy on the shoulder. Turning round, Davy very formally remarked—"I'll be hanged, Major, if I know whose pardon to ask—yours or the monkey's!"

## FRENCH IDEA OF CRICKET.

The Parisian mind is really most obtuse as regards our great national game of cricket. They can see no delight at being bowled over at twenty-two yards, or at getting in the way of the "leather" at a much longer range. The report of the Greenwich Pensioner match was read in Paris with astonishment, not unmixed with feelings of compassion for the maimed veterans who took the field. Surprise reached its climax when it was seen that the "*one arm*" *having* terminated their innings, the "*stumps*"

(*moignons*) were drawn. The error on the part of the translators led to the belief that the drawing of the stumps was a punishment inflicted on the “*one arm*” eleven for having lost the match.

#### A SPECIMEN OF IRISH PHILOSOPHY.

One day as a number of Irish labourers were working at a church which was being erected for a Unitarian congregation, one of them said to the rest—“Shure, when the church is opened I mane to attend it.” “Whoy?” replied another labourer. “Whoy! bekase they are to have no devil in it.”

#### PAINTED—BUT BY HEAVEN ALONE.

The following anecdote is told of a young lady in Stirling, on whom Nature had lavished many charms. The lady, who was very young, and perhaps somewhat indiscreet, was walking up Broad Street, which leads to the Castle, when she met two officers, arm-in-arm. Observing the lady’s surpassing beauty, one of the officers remarked audibly to the other—“By heavens, she is painted.” To which the lady replied—

“Yes, but by heaven alone!” This singular meeting led to a subsequent courtship, and ultimately to a very happy marriage.

#### A SMART RETORT.

When the Emperor was a poor adventurer in London, the Countess of Blessington received him at Gore House, and was kind to him. Some years afterwards, when he was President, and she was a refugee in Paris, to escape a host of creditors, they met, and he coldly asked her—“Are you going to stay long in France?” Her ladyship instantly replied—“I don’t know. Are you?” Louis Napoleon winced—the shaft having told.

#### A RIDDLE.

“Sambo, can you tell me in what building people are most like to take cold?” “Why, no; me strange in de town, and can’t tell that.” “Well, I will tell you—it is the bank.” “How is dat?” “Because there are so many drafts in it!” “Dat is good; but can you tell me, sah, what make dere so many drafts in it?” “No.” “Because so many go dere to raise de wind!”



## A SCOTTISH CERTIFICATE OF MARRIAGE.

“ You say, Mrs Smith, that you have lived with the defendant for eight years. Does the Court understand that you are married to him ?” “ In course it does.” “ Have you a marriage certificate ?” “ Yes, yer Honour, three on 'em—two gals and a boy !” Verdict for plaintiff.

## HOW TO AVOID NIGHTMARE.

Avoid heavy suppers. Above all things go to bed with an easy conscience, and your slumbers will be sound, while your dreams will be sweet and pleasant.



No. XXVI.

**A M U S E M E N T S.**

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IN a life of work and study, it is necessary that we should have a leisure moment and one for amusement, so that both the mind and body may for a time be relieved from their irksome routine and monotony. Outdoor amusement is always the best if it can be had, for with it we have the fine and natural air, which cannot be had when we indulge in indoor amusement. At present, cricket and football seem to have the preference, in the shape of outdoor amusements. The former is a noble game, and although English, it is getting far north, and the youngest urchin may now be seen with something like a bat in his hand ; his stumps, for want of better, being composed often of the root of a tree or a rough block of stone. The football, again, while a good game, is a very dangerous one, as presently played ; and certainly it is not *pleasant* to look upon the savage and inhuman



“mauls” which take place, and the sad and fatal accidents which result therefrom ought to lead to an entire alteration of the rules of the game. As it is played at present, both life and limb are in danger; and it is sad to think that fine young men may go out to the game in the best of health, and return from it crippled for life, if not worse. Again, as to indoor amusements, I would recommend chess as the finest and noblest game which can be played, for not only is it pleasant in itself, but it leads to the expansion of the intellect in other matters, and thereby the mind gets trained to be thoughtful. In card-playing, I observe that a game called “Napoleon” is fast gaining ground in Scotland, and as it is a most insidious and dangerous game, I would have all—and more particularly the young—to beware of it. That game is now to be found everywhere. In the drawing-room, in the parlour, in the public and private house, and in the railway carriage, will a pack of cards be found, and parties playing for money. Now it can be little pleasure, when awakened in the morning, to find that you are minus a few pounds; and as little pleasure can it be to find yourself the possessor of a few pounds which belonged to your friend the night before, and

who, perhaps, can ill spare them. If cards are resorted to, I would recommend the long-established and sober game of whist. It is a game where money is seldom played for, and if played for, the length of the game makes, as a rule, the gain or loss infinitesimally small. But while we must have our outdoor and inside amusements, we must not be run away with them, and must not put the "brawn" too much against the "brain." Dr Talmage, while writing on the subject, gives a most excellent treatise on it, which is well worth perusing and studying.

#### BRAWN OR BRAIN.

"Governor Wiseman (our ocular friend who talked in the style of an oration) was with us this evening at the tea table, and we were mentioning the fact that about thirty Colleges last summer in the United States contested for the championship in boat-racing. About two hundred thousand young ladies could not sleep at nights, so anxious were they to know whether Yale or Williams would be the winner. The newspapers gave three or four columns to the particulars. The telegraph wires thrilled the



victory to all parts of the land. Some of the religious papers condemned the whole affair, enlarging upon the strained wrists, broken blood-vessels, and barbaric animalism of men who ought to be rowing their race with the Binomial Theorem for one oar, and Kames' 'Elements of Criticism' for the other.

" For the most part we sympathised with the boys, and confess that at our hotel we kept careful watch of the bulletin, to see whose boat came in ahead. We are disposed to applaud anything that will give our young men muscular development. Students have such a tendency of lounge and mope, and chew and eat almond nuts at midnight, and read novels after they go to bed, the candlestick set upon Webster's Dictionary or the Bible, that we prize anything that makes them cautious about their health, as they must be if they enter the list of the contestants. How many of our country boys enter the freshman class of College in robust health, which lasts them about a twelvemonth ; then in the sophomore they lose their liver ; in the junior they lose their stomach ; in the senior they lose their backbone ; graduating skeletons more fit for an anatomical museum than the Bar or pulpit.

" 'Midnight oil,' so much eulogised, is the

poorest kind of kerosene. Where hard study kills one student bad habits kill a hundred. Kirke White while at Cambridge wrote beautiful hymns, but if he had gone to bed at ten o'clock at night instead of three o'clock in the morning he would have been of more service to the world and a healthier example to all collegians. Much of the learning of the day is morbid, and much of the religion bilious. We want, first of all, a clean heart, and next a strong stomach. Falling from grace is often chargeable to derangement of gastric juices. Oar and bat may become salutary weapons.

“But after all there was something wrong about those summer boat races. A student with a stout arm and great girth and full chest, and nothing else, is not at all admirable. Mind and body need to be driven tandem—the body for the wheel horse, and the intellect the leader. We want what is now proposed in some directions—a grand collegiate literary race. Let the mental contest be on the same week with the muscular. Let Yale, and Harvard, and Williams, and Princeton, and Dartmouth see who has the champion among scholars. Let there be a Waterloo in belles lettres and rhetoric and mathematics and philosophy. Let us see whether the

students of Drs M'Cosh, or Porter, or Campbell, or Smith are most worthy to wear the belt. About twelve o'clock at noon let the literary flotilla start prow and prow, oarlock and oarlock. Let Helicon empty its waters to swell the river of knowledge on which they row. Right foot on right rib of the boat, and left foot on the left rib —bend into it, my hearties, bend ! And our craft come out four lengths ahead.

“ Give the brain a chance as well as the arm. Do not let the animal eat up the soul. Let the body be the well-fashioned hulk, and the mind the white sails all hoisted, everything, from flying jib to spanker, bearing onward toward the harbour of glorious achievement. When that boat starts we want to be on the bank to cheer, and, after sundown, help to fill the air with sky-rockets.

“ ‘ By the way,’ I said, ‘ Governor Wiseman, do you not think that we all need more outdoor exercise, and that contact with the natural world would have a cheering tendency ? Governor, do you ever have the blues ?’

“ The Governor, putting his knife across the plate and throwing his spectacles up on his forehead, replied—

“ Almost every nature, however sprightly,

sometimes will drop into a minor key or a subdued mood that in common parlance is recognised as 'the blues.' There may be no adverse causes at work, but somehow the bells of the soul stop ringing, and you feel like sitting quiet, and you strike off fifty per cent. from all your worldly and spiritual prospects. The immediate cause may be a north-east wind, or a bulky liver, or an enlarged spleen, or pickled oysters at twelve o'clock the night before.

"In such depressed state no one can afford to sit for an hour. First of all, let him get up and go out of doors. Fresh air and the faces of cheerful men and pleasant women and frolicsome children will in fifteen minutes kill moping. The first moment your friend strikes the keyboard of your soul it will ring music. A hen might as well try on populous Broadway to hatch out a feathery group as for a man to successfully brood over his ills in lovely society. Do not go for relief amongst those who feel as badly as you do. Let not toothache, and rheumatism, and hypochondria go to see toothache, rheumatism, and hypochondria. On one block in Brooklyn live a doctor, an undertaker, and a clergyman. That is not the row for a nervous man to walk on lest he soon need all three. Throw back all the

shutters of your soul, and let the sunlight of genial faces shine in.

“Besides that, why sit ye here with the blues, ye favoured sons and daughters of men? Shone upon by such stars, and breathed on by such air, and sung to by so many pleasant sounds, you ought not to be seen moping. Especially if light from the better world strikes its aurora through your night sky ought you to be cheerful. You can afford to have a rough luncheon by the way if it is soon to end amid the banqueters in white. Sailing toward such a blessed port do not have our flag at half-mast. Leave to those who take too much wine ‘the gloomy raven tapping at the chamber door on the night’s Plutonian shore,’ and give us the robin redbreast and the chaffinch. Let some one with a strong voice give out the long metre doxology, and the whole world ‘Praise God from whom all blessings flow.’

“‘But do you not suppose, Governor Wiseman, that every man has his irritated days?’

“‘Yes, yes,’ responded the Governor. ‘There are times when everything seems to go wrong. From seven o’clock A.M. till ten o’clock P.M. affairs are in a twist. You rise in the morning and the room is cold, and a button is off, and breakfast is tough, and the stove smokes, and the

pipes burst, and you start down the street nettled from head to foot. All day long things are adverse. Insinuations, petty losses, meanness on the part of customers. The ink bottle upsets and spoils the carpet. Some one gives a wrong turn to the damper, and the gas escapes. An agent comes in determined to insure your life when it is already insured for more than it is worth, and you are afraid some one will knock you on the head to get the price of your policy; but he sticks to you, showing you pictures of old time and the hour glass and death's scythe and a skeleton, making it quite certain that you will die before your time unless you take out papers in his Company. Besides this, you have a cold in your head and a grain of dirt in your eye, and you are a walking uneasiness. The day is out of joint, and no surgeon can set it.

“ ‘The probability is that if you would look at the weather vane you would find that the wind is north-east, and you might remember that you have lost much sleep lately. It might happen to be that you are out of joint instead of the day. Be careful and not write many letters while you are in that irritated mood. You will pen some *things* that you will be sorry for afterward.

“ ‘ Let us remember that these spiked nettles of life are part of our discipline. Life would get nauseating if it was all honey. That table would be poorly set that had on it nothing but treacle. We need a little vinegar, mustard, pepper, and horse-radish, that bring the tears even when we do not feel pathetic. If this world were all smoothness we would never be ready for emigration to a higher and better. Blustering March and weeping April prepare us for shining May. The world is a poor hitching post. Instead of lying fast on the cold mountains, we had better whip up and hasten up to the warm inn, where our friends are looking out of the window watching to see us come up.’

“ Interrupting the Governor at this point, we asked him if he did not think that rowing, ball-playing, and other athletic exercises might not be made an antidote to the morbid religion that is sometimes manifest. The Governor replied—

“ ‘ No doubt much of the Christian character of the day lacks in swarthiness and power. It is gentle enough and active enough and well meaning enough, but is wanting in moral muscle. It can sweetly sing at a prayer meeting, and smile graciously when it is the right time to smile, and makes an excellent nurse to pour out

with steady hands a few drops of peppermint for a child that feels disturbances under the waist-band, but has no qualification for the robust Christian work that is demanded.

“‘ One reason for this is the ineffable softness of much of what is called Christian literature. The attempt is to bring us up on tracts made up of thin exhortations and goodish maxims. A nerveless treatise on commerce or science in that style would be crumbled up by the first merchant and thrown into his waste-basket. Religious twaddle is of no more use than worldly twaddle. If a man has nothing to say he had better keep his pen wiped and his tongue still. There needs an infusion of strong Anglo-Saxon into religious literature, and a brawnier manliness and more impatience with insipidity, though it be prayerful and sanctimonious. He who stands with irksome repetitions asking people to “Come to Jesus,” while he gives no common-sense reason why they should come, drives back the souls of men. If, with all the thrilling realities of eternity at hand, a man has nothing to write which can gather up and master the thoughts and feelings of men, his writing and speaking are a slander on the religion which he wishes to *eulogise.*’”

No. XXVII.

V A R I O R U M .

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## COURT OF SESSION WIGS.

The first time an elderly lady visited the Court of Session she, of course, noticed his Lordship with his wig on the bench, while below him and surrounding the bar there were assembled as a matter of course a host of younger wigs. The old lady was perfectly astonished, and on leaving the Court and addressing the macer or usher in the lobby she, alluding to what she had seen, said—“Yon would be his Lordship who sat high up?” “Yes, mem,” was the reply. “And yon young callants below will be his sons?” adds the lady. “Yes, mem,” again says the usher, with a face as calm and Court-of-Session-like as if he were ushering a witness into the witness-box. “Dear me!” continues the old lady, “what a large family his noble

old Lordship must hae, and hoo awfu' like the bairns are to their faither." "Yes," says the usher; "it's no joke to fee an' keep them all." "'Deed, no," replied the lady; "and what like is their mither's hair?" "Oh, just the same as their father's," was the response. The good old lady left the Parliament House, like Dominie Sampson, with the word "prodigious!" on her lips.

#### A WONDERFUL FOURPENNY PIECE.

In the city of Montrose a hen laid an egg, and in the yolk of that egg was found a silver fourpenny piece. Great was the wonderment in Montrose at this very strange phenomenon. Doctors were consulted about it, but as usual they only looked wise and differed. Latterly an old lady asked her lawyer (the late Mr Burnes, solicitor, well known for his wit and humour) what he thought about the matter. The lawyer, like the doctors, also looked very learned, and said, "Well, ma'am, after giving the matter my most earnest consideration, I can only come to one conclusion, and that is that *the hen must have been fed on groats.*"

## A CROWN OFFICIAL.

When Mr Logan was Sheriff of Forfarshire he happened to be officially in an inn at Montrose along with the Sheriff-Clerk and Mr Burnes (referred to in the last anecdote). A charge of five shillings was made by the landlord for the use of the room. The Sheriff-Clerk thought the charge too high. "What are you grumbling at?" says Mr Burnes; "the inn-keeper could not make any other charge, seeing that you are a *Crown* official."

## A BRAGGING FARMER.

Two farmers met over a tumbler of toddy on a market day. One of them, who invariably boasted about the superior crops he grew, and who considered that no one could grow crops anything like him, repeated his usual boast. The other, after listening very earnestly and patiently, quietly rejoined, "There is one thing I can grow which you cannot." "What is that?" said the boaster. "Oh, just this," replies the other, and, suiting the action to the word, he raised his hand up to his head, and passed his fingers through a bushy crop of hair. The boasting farmer, who was quite bald, felt

quite nonplussed, for either he had little top soil, or had in his younger years sown his wild oats in such a way as yielded no crops.

#### A PRECOCIOUS DUNDEE STREET ARAB.

When Sheriff Guthrie Smith presided in Dundee a case of assault was tried by him. A street urchin was examined, and spoke to the assault. The Sheriff asked the lad where the assault took place. The boy quickly replied that it took place near "the door of the Vine." "And where is the Vine?" said the Sheriff. "Jist exactly opposite the Pump," said the Arab. Of course, the Sheriff was as wise as ever; but to those who do not know it may be necessary to explain that "The Vine" and "The Pump" are the signs of two public-house bars in Dundee, and are immediately opposite each other.

#### "TWO BLACKS WON'T MAKE A WHITE."

"Won't they?" said Sheriff Logan, in answer to the remark made in a filiation case by one of the Judges that "two blacks would not make a white;" "Mrs Logan has a black hen which lays a white egg every morning, and the paternal relative is as black as the mother."

## SEWING MACHINES.

“With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat in unwomanly rags  
Plying the needle and thread.  
Stitch, stitch, stitch,  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
She sang the song of the shirt.

“Work, work, work,  
Till the brain begins to swim ;  
Work, work, work,  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim ;  
Seam and gusset and band,  
Band and gusset and seam,  
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
And sew them on in a dream.”

Such was the doleful text of poor Tom Hood’s woful “Song of the Shirt.” The invention of the sewing machine by our clever American cousins has conferred a boon on the female portion of the race beyond calculation, and its usefulness in a

family where the members can properly work it is a small fortune in itself. Indeed, no house now-a-days should be without one, and all our daughters should be taught how to use it. There is, I observe, a spirit of healthy emulation in the humbler order of households as to the possession of a machine ; and if Mrs So-and-So gets one, the other Mrs So-and-So must have another, just to be upsides with her neighbour. Now this is all very well ; but I fear that too often the sewing machine simply becomes a piece of ornamental furniture in the house of the pur-chaser, for unless the owner can both shape and cut, the machine is not of the slightest use. How few are there who can cut and shape, and parties getting machines should learn that useful art. Our American friends are again far before us in this particular. The shopkeepers and machine merchants in America now keep in stock sets of paper shapes, from a baby to a full-grown person. As the fashions alter, so do the shapes, and any one wishing the shapes of a baby's frock or a lady's dress can have the full set for a mere trifle. The shopkeeper keeps pattern-books showing all the different shapes and sizes, and if he is furnished with the dimensions of the person for whom the shape is

required the proper set of shapes is at once forthcoming. Now I wonder very much why this practice has not been introduced into Scotland, for if it were introduced I have no doubt it would be greatly taken advantage of, and then the sewing machine would be an absolute boon to all classes. The School of Cookery is doing a considerable amount of good, and if a School for Sewing was also introduced I have no doubt that it would be equally advantageous to the community. The agents for the sewing machines should add to their business the sale of all manner of shapes, and if they did so I have no doubt but that it would also add to the sale of their machines. Curiously enough, I met with rather an original Yankee the other day, and, talking the matter of American inventions over, and "Woman on Woman's rights," he said—"Did you ever hear tell of a woman making any invention?" I confessed my ignorance, and asked in return if he knew of any invention they had made. "I rather guess I do," he said. "Mrs Eve first invented original sin, but after that I have never heard of any other invention from the fair sex. Believe me, friend, it was their first invention and the last." It is but

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right to say that this Yankee was a confirmed bachelor, and if he was not a woman-hater, he was certainly rather hard on the sex.

#### A HATTER COOKING HIS OWN GOOSE.

A number of years ago an Englishman carried on the business of a hatter in Dundee. He was a very keen Mason, confirmed bachelor, and a capital cook. His dining-room, drawing-room, smoking-room, and bedroom were conveniently and economically included in one, which also served the purposes of a backshop. He was a very hospitable gentleman, always open and ready to receive gentlemen visitors, and if they belonged to the Masonic craft they were made doubly welcome, his larder or pantry being at their command. On one occasion our friend resolved to have for his dinner a stewed fowl smothered with onions, and having procured the necessary animal and ingredients, they were potted and put on the fire to simmer at their leisure, and in a manner highly gratifying to the epicurean feelings of the Englishman. He was a very solitary man was this Englishman (unless when he had visitors), for he had only one companion under his roof—viz., a *goose*;

for, be it remembered, that in this peculiar trade—and indeed in many other trades—if the writer mistakes not—a *goose* has to be employed. Well, as the cooking of the fowl was going on, who should enter the bachelor's *sanctum sanctorum* but the Right Worshipful Master of the hatter's mother Lodge, with the Worthy Deputy and Chaplain. Such a deputation as this, as may well be imagined, was met with open arms; and after the usual signs, signals, and symbols were given and received, the honoured and distinguished guests got themselves seated at the hatter's mahogany, and partook of the usual hospitality. During the visit the hatter had occasion to leave the shop, and in doing so he requested the brethren to keep a look to his shop in his absence. This they certainly did, and more, for when his back was turned one of them lifted the lid off the pot, and the savoury smell which followed was too much even for a brother Mason, and the result was that the honourable deputation removed the fowl from the pot, and in its place put the hatter's *goose*, which is used for ironing hats. The fowl, having been carefully wrapt in a newspaper and then into a pocket handkerchief, found its way into the Right Worshipful

Master's pocket, and on the return of the host everything seemed to be "as it were." After a short time, and after exchanging the usual signs, the deputation left. Meantime the *goose* goes on simmering as the fowl had done before it; dinner time arrives; a neat and clean tablecover is put down, an ashet to receive the savoury dish, and a cover for one, with a pint of stout to the right. Everything being in order the pot is taken off the fire, the lid removed, and the contents poured into the ashet. The iron *goose* descends as no goose had ever done before, and the result was that, in the twinkling of an eye, there were more ashets than one. The look of the dismayed hatter may be better imagined than described, while at same time we can fancy the fun the Masonic deputation had in discussing the fowl by themselves in a snuggery not very far from the hatter's shop. The hatter lost his temper at first; but, as usual, it was of short duration, and the result was a thorough reconciliation in the evening between the whole of the brethren.

No. XXVIII.

## ONE COUNTRY GOVERNED BY TWO DIFFERENT LAWS.

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It must occur to the most of thinking people as exceedingly strange and stupid that the united kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, small and linked together as they are, should be governed by two different laws—England and Ireland being governed by one code, while Scotland is governed by another. If these two codes were improved, interwoven with each other, and assimilated, it would undoubtedly be a national benefit to the three kingdoms, as well as to other nations who trade with us. We are a great mercantile nation. Bonaparte, before his downfall, called us sarcastically a nation of shopkeepers, of which we need not be ashamed; and it would be well, therefore, for commerce if our laws were simple and combined. The telegraph and the railway,

&c., have brought the three united kingdoms closer to each other than the Union and charter ever did, and as the mercantile transactions between the three countries are incessant and multifarious, the time, I humbly think; has come when there should be but one law to regulate the three kingdoms. As it is just now the English lawyer is as ignorant of the Scottish law as the Scottish lawyer is of the English law, and consequently confusion and unnecessary expense and trouble are the natural results. In particular the Mercantile and Bankruptcy Laws should be one and the same, as the mercantile communities are so deeply interested in them through their many mercantile transactions. The English might take a leaf or two out of our law books, while Scotland might at the same time take a leaf out of theirs. For example, in criminal matters the English are ahead of the Scotch, in so far as their Coroners' inquests are concerned; while we are again ahead of them in so far as our criminal prosecutions are concerned. In England, when a party dies suddenly or under suspicious circumstances, a jury with a Coroner are convened, who can fully investigate the case, and if they *find* that the deceased has died through natural

causes or by his own hand there is an end of the matter, but should they return a verdict of wilful murder against some one, then that party is apprehended and tried. In Scotland there is no such public preliminary investigation in such cases, and the result is that a party, however innocent, may be apprehended on suspicion, and may have to remain in jail for a lengthened period before his trial takes place, and his guilt or innocence ascertained. The English system, therefore, is preferable to that of Scotland, as every one charged with a crime is presumed to be innocent until he is condemned.

Again, as to the form of criminal proceedings. In England, except in certain cases, the private party injured must prosecute in his own name, whereas in Scotland all criminal prosecutions proceed in the name of the Lord Advocate or Fiscal of the county in which the crime is committed ; and the propriety of such prosecutions being proceeded with by a public prosecutor instead of a private individual must be very apparent. In England the private prosecutor can easily settle the matter without a trial, although his so doing might amount to a compounding of felony ; but in Scotland this cannot be done, for, by the law of Scotland, the crime

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is not only committed against the private injured party, but against the whole of the public at large ; and hence the public prosecutor acts for the whole community, and no importunity on the part of the injured party, or others, will induce the prosecutor to compromise justice, as is so often done in England.

Again, in Scotland and in our civil courts we have, unfortunately, too much hard law administered without equity, and hence we have too little justice ; equity between man and man naturally points at and leads to justice, while hard and strained law too often points at and leads the other way.

The House of Lords is ~~an~~ equitable tribunal, and from time to time when appeals are made to it the austere law as administered in Scotland is ignored and set aside, equitable and just judgments being the result.

As an illustration of this I may give the celebrated Morgan case, well known in Forfarshire. The late Mr Morgan was a brewer, and died what is termed a millionaire. He knew no friends when living, and no friends knew him ; but when he died, and his treasury was opened, as usual a host of friends from all quarters, of all degrees, and ever so distant, sprung up and

rushed forward to claim the coveted treasure. Old Morgan, who had paddled his own canoe throughout life without being assisted by any one, and having a warm heart to Dundee, the place of his nativity, and a warmer one still towards its destitute boys, which leads me to suppose that he himself in his youth had felt the hardship of poverty, or at least had observed it in others, resolved to leave his fortune to the town of Dundee, so as to provide an educational Hospital for bringing up annually one hundred boys on whom fortune had not smiled. Good old Morgan must have had no faith in or goodwill to the lawyers, and so he made and tinkered his own will from time to time, adding this and scoring out that, but still leaving his intention quite clear. On his death his heirs were legion, and as a matter of course the question of the succession landed in the Court of Session, who held that the will, from the alterations, deletions, and erasures thereon, was invalid, and consequently his nearest heirs were preferred to the estate, while Dundee and its destitute boys were left out in the cold. Thanks, however, to Patrick H. Thoms, Esq. of Aberlemno, a gentleman of great foresight and shrewdness, an appeal was taken to the House of Lords, who read Mr

Morgan's intentions in a truly just and equitable way, and the result is that Dundee now boasts of its Morgan Hospital, where many poor boys have already been brought up and educated, while one hundred boys annually will be brought up and educated in all time to come.

It would be well, therefore, I humbly think, to import more equity into our legal judgments, while it would be of immense advantage to have the three kingdoms governed by one uniform code of laws ; and our legislators might do worse than give this important matter their serious consideration.



No. XXIX.

V A R I O R U M .

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SHUT UP.

A number of years ago a hatter in Dundee, *three sheets in the wind*, on a very stormy night attempted to put on his shutters. The wind, which blew a perfect hurricane, caught the shutter, and, making a lug sail of it, the hatter found himself in the middle of the street before he brought up. Losing his reckoning in the middle of the street, the man of hats steered his course to the opposite side, where he very considerately put the shutter on the window of a baker's shop. Having accomplished this feat, the hatter deliberately walked into the baker's shop to get the other parts of the shutter, when, low and behold ! his stock of hats was at once transformed into loaves of all shapes and sizes. Staring at the strange phenomenon, all that the amazed hatter could do was to exclaim, “ *Well, I'm blowed!* ” “ There is no mistake about that, anyhow,” replied the baker. “ You just take off that shutter and be *blowed* back again.”

## FREE CHURCH SALT.

When the Disruption took place, those who went out, as they termed it, to the sacrifice were very anxious that they should be well followed by their flocks, and great anxiety was shown to enrol in their fold the nobility and gentry, and particularly those who had well-filled purses. On one occasion an elderly lady was urging strongly a maiden sister, who was supposed to be as rich as a very Croesus, to "come out," and every argument was used by the Free Church canvasser upon the rich old maid. Lord that one and Lady this one were quoted as having gone out, and, as a clincher, the names of Chalmers and Candlish were given as true patriots to the Free cause—"In fact," added the Free Church lady, "we have taken nearly the whole *salt* of the Old Church, and you must just come too." "I dinna ken," says the old maid, "whether ye hae taen nearly a' the *saut* o' the Auld Kirk or no; but ye certainly hae taen the Pepper and Mustard, and I'll jist remain content wi' the little *saut* ye hae left, for it will sair me brawly."

## A ROAST UNDER FALSE COLOURS.

A Dundee gentleman gave a dinner party, and the table happened to be graced by a roast of beef. A guest, who had rather sharp eyes, spied on the roast a number of barley seeds. On noticing them he, *sotto voce*, expressed his surprise at the strange phenomenon to his better half. "Never mind, my dear," was the reply ; "take no notice of it ; the roast has only had a preliminary introduction to the broth." "Ah," says the perceptive husband, "You have opened my eyes. Barley corn gets the blame of many things, but I never saw roast beef garnished with it before."

## HOW TO CURE SNORING.

*(By a Sore-Tried Husband.)*

Procure a small india-rubber pipe having a mouthpiece at the one end and an ear-tube at the other. Gently insert the mouthpiece between the wife's lips and the tube in her ear, and the cure will be instantaneous.

## WASHED ASHORE.

*(From an Old Scrap Book.)*

A brave manly form was seen one day  
Washed up on the shore by the rippling tide ;  
Lift him up tenderly, bear him away,  
He was somebody's darling, somebody's pride.  
Close the white eyelids, fold the cold hands ;  
Brush the bright ringlets back from his brow ;  
Wipe from his face the seaweed and sand ;  
Somebody's darling sleeps quietly now.

Somebody's darling with golden brown hair,  
Each shining cluster was somebody's pride ;  
Night and morn his name was whisper'd in prayer  
By loved ones, who wept when he went from  
their side.

Yes ! somebody's lost him. God knows best  
Who are the loving ones, where they may be ;  
Oh, little they dream that he lies at rest,  
Washed up on the shore by the surge of the  
sea.

Sever one ringlet for somebody's sake,  
Press one warm kiss on his fair manly brow ;



Somebody's heart would be ready to break  
Could they but see him as you see him now.  
Tearfully, tenderly make him a grave  
Close by the shore where the waves murmur  
free ;  
Only these words on his tombstone engrave—  
“Somebody's darling washed up from the sea.”



No. XXX.

## CLERICAL ANECDOTES.

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### SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

"A shut eye betokens an attentive heart," but not always.  
"The slumber of the pure is sweet."

SLEEPING in church is by no means a failing of modern times—it must be a very old habit. Our ancestors must have indulged in it to no small extent, judging from the number of anecdotes one meets with in old religious works, yet it never seems to have been brought under the category of Church censure, as snuffing has by some Church courts. There are some people given to sleeping on all occasions and in all places. There is a story told of an honest farmer having fallen asleep alongside a young lady who was playing the piano for his amusement. This, however, is not so bad as sleeping in church. It is astonishing how easily some people drop into the arms of Morpheus while sitting in their pews.

Now, we are not going to enter into any inquiry either as to the philosophy or the phenomenon of sleep, or whether the fault lies

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in the sermon or in the sleeper, other than to say that there are some sermons, from their structure, their composition, and from the way in which they are delivered, eminently fitted to diffuse a spirit of slumber throughout the whole church as effectually as if it were planted with poppies or stuffed with hops. Sydney Smith, on one occasion, said of some sermons that they were written as if sin were to be taken out of man, like Eve out of Adam, by putting him to sleep.

The retort courteous was administered on one occasion by an elder to his minister, whose sermons fell rather flat upon his hearers. The latter was rebuking the former for snuffing in church. "If ye dinna let me tak' it mysel', pit it into your sermon."

Proceeding on the principle that the fault lay with the people, and not looking to see if the fault lay with themselves, ministers have tried many ways by which to arouse an overladen and drowsy hearer—by threatenings and denunciations, and, if these failed, by direct appeal.

It is related of one John Rudge that in April 1725 he bequeathed to the parish of Trysall, in Shropshire, twenty shillings a-year that a poor man might be employed to go about the church during the sermon to keep the people awake.

This duty was sometimes performed by the churchwarden, who, with a long wand, went round the church, and if any of the congregation were asleep, tapped them on the head. Other plans of a similar nature appear to have been adopted with more or less success.

Some of our old Scotch divines had a different way of rousing a drowsy hearer, viz., by awful threatenings and denunciations. A story is told of an honest weaver who occupied rather a snug berth in a front seat of the upper loft of a country kirk, and who made himself conspicuous to the congregation as a habitual worshipper of the leaden god. Whenever the text was given out down he sank, as sound and fast as a boy's top, and ere long giving out notes far from melodious. The minister sent two elders to remonstrate with this slumbering sinner. "I canna help it," says he to them; "I am a hard-working man a' the week but Sabbath, and tho' I like the kirk and the minister weel, unless ye ca' the head off me I canna keep my e'en open." "Weel, John, then if you will allow Satan to exercise his power over you in this way in the very kirk itsel', what gars ye sit in the front loft, where a'body sees you? Can ye no tak' a back seat, where your sin will be less seen and heard."

“Tak’ a back seat!” said John; “na na, I’ll never quit my cozy corner. My father, my grandfather, and my great-grandfather a’ sat there, and there sit will John, come o’t what will.”

But perhaps the most effectual way of curing this evil is that proposed by a Dunfermline minister, who had been much annoyed by a number of his congregation falling asleep during his sermon. The rev. gentleman had tried several times to reason with his drowsy hearers, but all to no purpose. One Sabbath he stopped in the middle of his discourse, and said, “If I had a coachman’s whip, I think I could use it with advantage on some of those near me.”

The Rev. James Bonnar one day found himself in possession of a very sleepy congregation. He was preaching at Kettle, in Fife, for a friend. The day was very warm, and the church was crowded, and many were nodding in their pews. The word hyperbolical occurred in his sermon, when he paused and said, “Now, my friends, some of you may not understand this word hyperbolical. I will explain it. Suppose that I were to say that this congregation were all asleep at present, I would be speaking hyperbolically, because I don’t believe one-half of you

It is the purpose to make a church of religion,  
but it is more to make a church of it—like the  
old woman who would not sleep at home, and it  
was not until she went to the parish church  
that she slept. It is a good sound excuse. More  
atrocious, however, was the Earl of Lauderdale,  
who was afflicted with a total absence of sleep.  
It was suggested to him to go and hear a dull,  
monotonous sermon, generally set people asleep.  
The experiment was tried and sleep coming on,  
he was roused.

There is every reason to believe that this habit was indulged in rather freely, in olden times, among the nobility, in whom rebukes had little or no effect. Dr. Smalk, once preaching before Charles II., observed that the monarch and his attendants began to nod; and as nobles are just like other men when they fall asleep, some of them began to snore, on which he broke off his sermon and exclaimed to one of them, "My lord, I am sorry to interrupt your repose; but let me entreat you not to snore so loud, lest you awaken his Majesty."

This question also has its ludicrous side. A woman in Laurencekirk, who kept an inn, being asleep in church and inclined to doze, in spite of the exertions of her neighbours to awaken her, the minister said, "Let her alone, I'll soon awaken her? Whew, whew, Janet! a bottle of beer and a gill of whisky." On which she started up and cried, quite loud out, "Coming, sir; coming, sir."

The reason why so many people sleep in church arises from the fact, and it cannot very well be ignored, that there are so many of our preachers dry and didactic in their style, and address themselves too much to the understanding and too little to the heart—there is too much of the metaphysical, and too little of the emotional in their sermons—and some, again, have such an exhaustive way of treating their subjects, that they exhaust the patience of their hearers long before they are done. It was no doubt this style of preaching and other untoward circumstances that caused Burns to pen the following :—

"A cauld day December blew,  
A cauld kirk, an' in't but few,  
A caulder minister ne'er spak';  
They'll a' be warm ere I gang back."

I will venture to say that preachers such as Whitefield, Wesley, Rowland Hill, and Chalmers, who are now dead, and Spurgeon, Beecher, Talmage, Moody, Caird, M'Gregor, who are still living, and many others of the same stamp, all eloquent, persuasive, and powerful preachers, have always succeeded in effectually keeping their hearers quite wide-awake during the whole time of their discourse, and never have had any occasion to address to them the words of rebuke for sleeping in church.

G. L.



No. XXXI.

## V A R I O R U M .

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### WHERE ARE THE BAD PEOPLE BURIED?

*(A Short Dialogue between Mother and Child in Greyfriars Churchyard, Edinburgh.)*

*Child* (scanning the tombstones over the dead, and reading the records of the many virtues of the departed) said—Mamma, can you tell me where the bad people are buried?

*Mother*—No, my child; but, judging from the monuments we see here, there are no bad people buried in Greyfriars Churchyard.

### A CONSTITUTIONAL PROPHECY.

It will be recollected that when an Order of Court was pronounced shutting up the Constitution Road Burying-Ground in Dundee, certain reservations were made to the effect that a limited number of lair proprietors would be allowed burial accommodation. One day two of the reserved individuals happened to meet in the

burying-ground, and after talking over the supposed desecration of shutting up the place of sepulture, the conversation was wound up by the one saying to the other—"Weel, Jamie, it daesna matter very muckle aifter a', for if we are *spared* we will be baith buried here."

#### A SECOND SOLOMON'S JUDGMENT.

A case regarding the ownership of a French poodle dog was tried before the late Sheriff-Substitute, Mr John Irving Henderson. The pursuer, a gentleman, with two male friends, swore that the poodle dog was undoubtedly his property, while the defender, a lady, with two female friends, swore as positively that the dog belonged to her. Each witness spoke most minutely to the various marks and points of the ward in Chancery, the dog being called "Topsy" by the pursuer and "Gipsy" by the defender. The Sheriff said that as the evidence was equal both in number and in sex he was puzzled as to deciding the question of ownership, and would consequently reserve his judgment till the end of the Court. At the close of the business the Court was cleared, and left in possession of his faithful bar officer (George Hutton), the two litigants, and the dog "Topsy"

or "Gipsy," as it might turn out to be. His Lordship, resuming consideration of the case, remarked that he was to take a somewhat unusual course so as to arrive at the ends of justice. The bar officer was ordered to take charge of the dog, and the litigants were directed to retire, calling on the name of their favourite, and it was decreed that the litigant the dog followed should be held to be the true owner. Accordingly the pursuer and defender went to the door, calling respectively, "Topsy, Topsy!" and "Gipsy, Gipsy!" and the fund *in medio* having been unslipped, it flew towards its fair defender, who, of course, got her pet and gained her cause. The lady left the Court *armed* with her favourite, but not without casting a peculiar look of pity towards the vanquished *suitor*. That look must have been a most killing one, for ere twelve months had passed away, "Topsy" or "Gipsy" was the joint-property of the pursuer and the defender, who ended their first *Courtship* in the blissful state of matrimony, and, strange to say, the bridesman and bridesmaid at the wedding were two of the witnesses *pro* and *con* at the trial of the case. Very few lawsuits have the same happy conclusion—all thanks to "Topsy" the poodle dog and to "Gipsy" the maid.

## JENNY'S DECISION.

A question as to the quality of certain pressed foreign hay came before the same Judge, Mr Henderson. The testimony of the witnesses for both parties was also conflicting—the defender's witnesses proving that the hay was of bad quality—indeed, not eatable—an Irishman stating that his horse would not look at all, at all at the foreign stuff; while the pursuer's witnesses, on the other hand, proved that the hay was of a very fair average quality. The Sheriff confessed that he was at a loss how to decide the case, and said that he would continue the case in order that he might consult with a most impartial judge. Now, the Sheriff had a very wise and old pony, wondrously discreet and circumspect in all its ways. An excellent moral policeman was this judicial pony, for should there happen to be a row on the street, the moment it hobbled into sight with the Sheriff on its back, that was the signal for flight; and the learned Sheriff thought that he could not do better than consult with "Jenny," for such was the pony's name, about the quality of the hay in question. So, one morning before breakfast, Justice, mounted on his steed, found his way to the



repository of the hay, and having unbridled "Jenny," she took her breakfast at the defender's expense. In the Court, which followed on that same day, his Lordship decided that the quality of the hay must be excellent, as he thought his "Jenny," who was the best judge, would never have done breakfasting off the foreign produce. Judgment was entered for the pursuer, with costs, accordingly.



No. XXXII.

## THE HYDROPATHIC CURE.

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THE hydropathic cure has now become a very popular remedy, whilst its Institutions, wherever planted—and their name will soon be legion—are largely patronised by all classes, by both sexes, and by both old and young. The success of such Institutions hitherto, and the beneficial results therefrom, prove that they cannot be overvalued. The days of bleeding, blistering, torturing, and starving have passed away, and it has been left to the nineteenth century to discover that, in the most of cases, it is better to let nature work its own cure—man naturally assisting and obeying it. In the most of cases of illness we have ourselves directly or indirectly to blame for the troubles which afflict us. We think ourselves giants and trouble-proof until it overtakes us, and then we find sometimes, when too late, that we are but poor pygmies after all. We may in a great measure, if we like, prevent

the bane, and although we may have also the antidote in our hands, still we too often overlook the one and neglect the other. Hence it is that these valuable Institutions are gaining ground day by day, for not only do they cure many a trouble, but they prevent as many; and as prevention is at all times better than cure, parties should take time by the forelock, and visit the Institutions now and again, although they may consider themselves in tolerable or moderate good health.

It has been my privilege to visit several of these Institutions from time to time, and more particularly the Crieff Institution, and the system under which they are conducted is as near perfection as possible. Inside the Institutions everything is done like clockwork; and although as many as two hundred people may be within the walls at one given time there is not the slightest confusion. Each servant has a part allotted to her, and everything is in its own place. No constant ringing of bells, rattling of dishes, and other hideous noises, which are to be found too often in hotels. The meals, plain and substantial, are served to a moment; the hours of bedding and getting up are as regular; and what with the delightful baths and the absence

of all intoxicating liquors, health is retained or regained, without which **life** is sometimes and to many unbearable. In such establishments there are also lots of amusements both inside and outside—music and singing *ad libitum*, with dancing, billiards, croquet, bowling, and other games suitable both to old and young—while the salubrious air and beautiful drives and walks make a complete Paradise of the whole.

It is also very pleasant to observe how happy and agreeable the whole visitors are with each other, and that although they are entire strangers to each other—from different nations and in different classes—they all seem as if they were one large family or had known each other for ages, there being no respect of persons whatsoever, and I have no doubt that many a warm and lasting friendship has been and will be the result of such happy meetings.

Altogether, therefore, I would strongly recommend the hydropathic Institutions wherever they can be found, for not only may they prevent distress as well as cure it, but they may even do many other things beside.

The broken-hearted widower and bereaved widow may, after due time, find the balm of *Gilead* there. The maiden lady, whose fires are

all but extinguished, may unexpectedly kindle a flame which will brighten and cheer two lives. The old and confirmed bachelor, hitherto lone and fireproof, may at last have to succumb to Cupid's blunted darts, while the youthful may, unknown to themselves, meet their future mates and helpmates.

If water, precious water, with its Institutions, can prevent disease, effect cures, and perform so many other wonders, all should hasten to the Pool of Siloam before they may find that it is too late.



No. XXXIII.

## CIRCUIT COURTS.

THE Circuit Courts, in my humble opinion, should be among the things that "were." The show that is made at the grand entrance of the Judges is liker the entrance of a circus company to a country town than the entrance of our Lords come to administer justice. Headed with a band of music playing "See the conquering hero comes," or some other melody, is not quite in keeping with condemning a fellow-creature to death and to all the eternal punishments which may follow, be they ever so *short* or ever so long. Our located Sheriffs are quite capable to dispose of the cases which come before the Judges, and when we consider that sixty-five men from all parts of the county have to be summoned as jurors, I think the time has now come that our legislators should put an end to a useless exhibition and expense. The ratepayers of Dundee have also something to say in the matter, as *I* understand the Provost and Magistrates of

Dundee and others, in consequence of the Circuit, lunch twice a year at the expense of the ratepayers, besides incurring the expenses of the processions, which I think might be dispensed with.

While so speaking of the Dundee Circuit, my notice has been drawn to the Perth Circuit, which immediately followed, and I cannot but allude to two decisions given there—the first one by Lord Deas, and the second by Lord Mure. In the first case, a mother, it was alleged, choked her child with cinders or ashes, and was charged with murder; but, pleading guilty to concealment of pregnancy, Lord Deas sentenced her to nine months' imprisonment, remarking—“Catherine Wood, it is lucky for you that the Crown has departed from the capital charge, which, if it had been proved, sentence must have been passed whereby you should have forfeited your life, according to the laws of the country. Under these circumstances, however, I am called to pronounce a different sentence, but it must be a very severe one. You not calling for assistance at the birth of the child has been the death of the child. The sentence of the Court is that you be subjected to a period of imprisonment for nine months.”

Again, in the second case, a man is tried for and pleads guilty to stealing a sheep, and Lord Mure sentences him to eighteen months' imprisonment, remarking—"Daniel Campbell, the time was when the crime to which you have pleaded guilty would have subjected you to capital punishment. You have also been previously convicted, and the Court might have passed now a sentence of penal servitude. The sentence of the Court is that you suffer imprisonment for eighteen calendar months."

The value of the carcase of a sheep, I understand, is about £2. I cannot, of course, value the body of a child said to have been choked by its unfeeling mother with cinders or ashes—far less can I value the infant's immortal soul; but I think the two sentences are peculiar, if not, indeed, truly irreconcileable.

How a mother can destroy her child is not only strange but unnatural. At one time I had a favourite bitch hound called "Sweep," and after she had a certain litter, numbering some twelve or thereby, of necessity I had to drown some ten of them. The mother never forgot it, and when about to have another litter she disappeared all at once, and I thought that she had been poisoned or killed by some of our game pre-

servers. One day, however, she returned quite a skeleton, pleading for meat. She got it, and was off like an arrow. I guessed the cause, and tracing her, found that she had burrowed a hole in the banks of the Tay for her little ones, thinking they would be more secure there than in my own house, where she had lost her last. If so much natural affection can be shown in the lower animals, is it not fearful to think that a mother in humanity should destroy her own child ; and surely a sentence of nine months is not commensurate to the great crime committed. Trusting soon to see the Circuit Courts for ever abolished, and the criminal law, in all crimes but capital ones, disposed of by the Sheriffs of the bounds, I close this short article.



No. XXXIV.

## MURDERED CHILDREN.

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THE human race is indeed a study in itself. A number are born with a silver spoon in their mouth ; the vast proportion with a horn one, and plenty with little to put in it. Creation is very fickle, and one would almost think that life was truly a lottery. Great responsibility lies on the parents to attend to their children in the first place, so as to take care of the body and thereafter culture the mind, so that the children may take—should they be spared, and when the time comes—a proper position in the society of life. This, I fear, however, is too often sadly neglected, for in the highest ranks of life the moment a child is born it is handed over to a nursling or nurse. It would be quite *infra dig.* for a Countess or a Marchioness to nurse her own child. To do so would spoil Her Grace's figure, as well as the romantic feelings connected with her unmarried life. The Countess or Marchioness *soon* recovers, and may be seen airing herself in

the parks or gardens, carefully carrying in her arms a poodle dog, while the nurse, at a very respectable distance behind, carries the son and heir. The mediocrity again, or rather a limited number of them, try to ape the aristocracy by disposing of their children very much in the same way; but there is another unfortunate class where both the parents remain behind the scenes, sending out their children wholesale to be "farmed"—or more properly speaking—to be slaughtered. This system has become a crying disgrace to our land, and I think the time is now come when it should be legislated on properly, and where the parents would be thoroughly shamed, exposed, and punished, as well as the baby "farmer" who murders the innocents.

"Can the fond mother e'er forget  
    The infant whom she bore;  
And can its plaintive cries be heard,  
    Nor move compassion more?"

In a previous writing I alluded to mothers murdering their own offspring, and of the lenient sentences which were pronounced on them by the Judges, and since then I have happened to come across a letter written to the *Spectator* by Steele as far back as 1711, which seems to me

to be as appropriate to the present day as it was to the time it was written, a century and a half ago. That letter is so logical, reasonable, and so natural, that I think I could not do better than embrace it in my present number, more especially as anything which might fall from my pen can never approach the pen of the immortal Steele.

Present and prospective parents will please read and ponder well over the letter of 1711, which is as follows:—

“ Wednesday, Dec. 12, 1711.

“ Mr Spectator,—As your paper is part of the equipage of the tea table, I conjure you to print what I now write to you, for I have no other way to communicate what I have to say to the fair sex on the most important circumstance of life, even the care of children. I do not understand that you profess your paper is always to consist of matters which are only to entertain the learned and polite, but that it may agree with your design to publish some which may tend to the information of mankind in general; and when it does so you do more than writing wit and humour. Give me leave, then, to tell you that of all the abuses that ever you have as yet endeavoured to reform, certainly not one

wanted so much your assistance as the abuse in nursing children. It is unmerciful to see that a woman endowed with all the perfections and blessings of nature can, as soon as she is delivered, turn off her innocent, tender, and helpless infant, and give it up to a woman that is, ten thousand to one, neither in health nor good condition, neither sound in mind nor body, that has neither honour nor reputation, neither love nor pity for the poor babe, but more regard for the money than for the child, and never will take further care of it than what by all the encouragement of money and presents she is forced to ; like *Æsop's* earth, which would not nurse the plant of another ground, although never so much improved, by reason that plant was not of its own production. And since another's child is no more natural to nurse than a plant to a strange and different ground, how can it be supposed that the child should thrive ? and if it thrives, must it not imbibe the gross humours and qualities of the nurse, like a plant in a different ground, or like a graft upon a different stock ? Do not we observe that a lamb sucking a goat changes very much its nature ; nay, even its skin and wool into the goat kind ? The power of a nurse over a child, by infusing into it

with her milk her qualities and disposition, is sufficiently and daily observed. Hence came that old saying concerning an ill-natured and malicious fellow, that he had imbibed his malice with his nurse's milk, or that some brute or other had been his nurse.

— Many instances may be produced from good authorities and daily experience that children actually suck in the several passions and depraved inclinations of their nurses, as anger, malice, fear, melancholy, sadness, desire, and aversion. Such like degeneracies will astonish the parents who, not knowing after whom the child can take, see one incline to stealing, another to drinking, cruelty, stupidity; yet all these are not minded. Nay, it is easy to demonstrate that a child, although it be born from the best of parents, may be corrupted by an ill-tempered nurse. How many children do we see daily brought into fits, consumption, rickets, &c., merely by sucking their nurses when in a passion or fury? But, indeed, almost any disorder of the nurse is a disorder to the child, and few nurses can be found in this town but what labour under some distemper or other. The first question that is generally asked a young woman that wants to be a nurse; Why she

should be a nurse to other people's children ? is answered by her having an ill husband, and that she must make a shift to live. I think now this very answer is enough to give anybody a shock if duly considered ; for an ill husband may, or ten to one if he does not, bring home to his wife distemper, or at least vexation and disturbance. Besides, as she takes the child out of mere necessity, her food will be accordingly, or else very coarse at best ; whence proceeds an ill-concocted and coarse food for the child ; for as the blood, so is the milk, and hence I am well-assured proceeds the scurvy, the evil, and many other distempers. I beg of you for the sake of the many poor infants that may and will be saved by weighing this case seriously, to exhort the people with the utmost vehemence to let the children suck their own mothers, both for the benefit of mother and child. For the general argument that a mother is weakened by giving suck to her children is vain and simple ; I will maintain that the mother grows stronger by it, and will have her health better than she would have otherwise. Her children will be like giants, whereas, otherwise, they are but living shadows and unripe fruit ; and certainly, if a woman is strong enough to bring forth a child,

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she is beyond all doubt strong enough to nurse it afterwards. It grieves me to observe and consider how many poor children are daily ruined by careless nurses, and yet how tender ought they to be of a poor infant, since the least hurt or blow, especially upon the head, may make it senseless, stupid, or otherwise miserable for ever.

“ But I cannot well leave this subject as yet, for it seems to me very unnatural that a woman that has fed a child as part of herself for nine months should have no desire to nurse it further when brought to light and before her eyes, and when by its cry it implores her assistance and the office of a mother. Do not the very cruellest of the brutes tend their young ones with all the care and delight imaginable ? For how can she be called a mother that will not nurse her young ones ? The earth is called the mother of all things, not because she produces, but because she maintains and nurses what she produces. I am not ignorant but that there are some cases of necessity where a mother cannot give suck, and then out of two evils the least must be chosen ; but there are so very few, that I am sure in a thousand there is hardly one real instance, for if a woman but knows that her husband can spare

about three or six shillings a week extraordinary (although this is but seldom considered) she certainly, with the assistance of her gossips, will soon persuade the good man to send the child to nurse, and easily impose upon him by pretending indisposition. This cruelty is supported by fashion, and nature gives place to custom."



No. XXXV.

## CIRCUIT COURTS.

*(Continued.)*

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WE have again in Dundee had a visit of the Justiciary Court, which commenced with the usual receptions, levees, processions, with music, prayers, &c., and ended, also, as usual, with complimentary addresses to the Sheriffs and Magistrates. There were only eight cases to try, and the time occupied two days, while sixty-five jurymen, from all quarters and at a peculiar season, had to be in attendance, at a very great loss and inconvenience indeed. As the Judges themselves remarked at the close of the Circuit, there was no case of a very grave nature before them, and why so much expense should be incurred in having periodical visiting Circuits when a resident Sheriff could easily dispose of the cases, it is difficult to see. From the Civil Service returns of 1876 before me I notice that for that year "the expenses on Circuit of the Justiciary Judges, Advocate-

Depute, Clerks, and Trumpeters," amount to no less than £3050, and that over and above the salaries of the seven Circuit Judges, the four Advocates-Depute, and their clerks, which may be moderately estimated at other £6000. Again, every town the Circuit visits has to be at a very considerable expense, which the ratepayers, taxed enough otherwise, can ill afford to pay.

Now, it is needless to argue that the Sheriff of the County is not qualified to dispose of the cases such as those which came before the last Circuit. Lord Adam, one of the presiding Judges, was only a Sheriff the other day, and it is not so long since Lord Craighill was also a Sheriff. Both Lords Craighill and Adam, towards the end of the Circuit, seemed to think that the Sheriffs of Forfar might be entrusted to try one case which had been set down for trial, and consequently the case of Hosea, from Forfar, for stealing wool, was remitted to the Sheriff for trial. If the Sheriff was qualified to try such a case after the Circuit was over, was he not just as well qualified to do so before the Circuit began? In Hosea's case fifteen witnesses from a distance were cited to Dundee, remained in it for two days, and after all they will have to appear before the Sheriff

at Forfar, the judge who should have tried the case at the first.

During this Circuit and in the case of culpable homicide the jury was ordered to be locked up all night, while the Judges, Advocate-Depute, &c., were at liberty to dine with the Provost and Magistrates or to do whatever else they liked. Now, in this enlightened century, surely it is unnecessary to lock up the jury, while the Judges, witnesses, and others are allowed to go at large. When it was necessary to pass the Act of Parliament of 1579, chapter 93, which provided that if any Judge of the Court of Session committed bribery he would be punished with "infamy, loss of office, confiscation of movables, and an arbitrary punishment in the person," it was perhaps proper enough to lock up the jury, but at this period it is thought that the latter farce might with great propriety be dispensed with. This is the third time a jury has been locked up in Dundee since the Circuit Court was instituted there. In the case of Luke, it will be remembered, Sheriff Guthrie Smith (then advocate) took exception to sentence being pronounced on the panel on the ground that although the jury were ordered to be locked up a number were allowed to go at large during the

whole of the night. Lord Craighill (then Mr Millar, Advocate-Depute) answered that although one or two of the jurymen had been at large, such a state of matters should not frustrate justice, and the Judges then sitting held with Mr Millar, and so Mr Guthrie Smith's objection was repelled. Now, in the face of Luke's case, what was the use of Lord Craighill ordering the jury at this Circuit to be locked up if their being at large did not annul a verdict or sentence?

The locking up of a jury consisting of fifteen gentlemen is rather a serious matter, not only in a domestic point of view, but in a business point of view. The fifteen gentlemen who were locked up on the recent occasion, as a matter of course, came to the Court quite unprepared for such a barbarous event, and I believe the scene in the hotel where they were imprisoned was ludicrous in the extreme. One gentleman from the country (a special jurymen) would be hanged if he would go to bed without a nightcap, as he had slept in one for the last thirty years; while another (a common jurymen) suggested that the special should get the loan of a *mutch* from the landlady. On this story being told next morning, another common jurymen (who, by the way, was the same gentleman who favoured the Court

with a song) remarked that if he had been locked up he would have settled the whole matter by ordering in “another *matchkin*, which would be a nightcap to the whole fifteen.”

Much more might be said about the desirability of doing away with the Circuits, and so save a great deal of expense to the country; but unless it is warmly taken up by our representatives, and particularly by the press, it will, I am afraid, remain as it is, as the Parliament House in Edinburgh will not part with any of their old and paying institutions if they can help it.

A word might be said also on behalf of the accused. When we catch a rat in a cage we humanely put an end to its existence without any undue or cruel delay. In our present system a party, however innocent, may have to be in prison for about six months before the Circuit Judges come round, and after all, as in Hosea’s case, he may be remitted back to be tried by the Sheriff—a system of judicial torture which should not be tolerated in this present age.

No. XXXVI.

## DOUBLE SHERIFFSHIPS.

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IN a recent number I showed that if the Circuit Courts, which are quite unnecessary, were abolished there would be a saving to the country of about £10,000 annually, besides the expenses incurred to the individual towns visited by the Judges; and I will now show that if the Circuit Court is an old institution, unfitted for the present age, the appointment of double or reviewing Sheriffs is equally if not more so. It must be apparent to all the absurdity of having an appeal from one single Judge to another single Judge, the more especially as in many cases the Sheriff-Substitutes, in legal skill and learning, are far in advance of their Principals. Besides, the Sheriff-Substitute who tries the case has an opportunity of seeing and hearing the evidence given by the witnesses at the trial of the causes,

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which the Sheriff-Principal has not, and therefore more weight should be placed on the decision of the presiding Judge who tries the case than the decision of the reviewing Judge who simply reads the papers in the case. Again, the waste of time in appeals is great, for, as the Sheriff-Principals are generally advocates in practice at the bar, they have few sittings in the course of the year in their respective counties, and hence the great delay which occurs, and which no doubt is not very much relished by the irritable litigants. Then, should the two Sheriffs differ in their judgments, as often they do, then, as a matter of course, the case must end in the Court of Session, seeing that the losing party in the Lower Court, having one decision in his favour, will not rest satisfied until he gets the decision of the Supreme Court. Now, while it is clear to my mind, and to the minds of the most I have come in contact with, that the office of the Sheriff-Principal is all but a sinecure, it is well to look at the expense which the country has to bear in consequence of this double appointment; and on looking at the Civil Service lists for 1876 I find that the salaries paid to the Sheriff-Principals amount to no less than £16,395, while the salaries paid to the

Substitutes amount to £37,375. Now the saving of £16,395 annually to the country is a matter worthy of great consideration, and it was disappointing indeed to see a number of Members of Parliament, professing to their constituents to be Liberals, voting this last session for the continuation of such an expensive and antediluvian institution as double Sheriffs. Such Members of Parliament might as well have voted for a plurality of wives—a state of matters suitable for the Salt Lake, but not for Scotland. In treating of the Sheriff appointments, we might also with propriety allude to the appointment of the Principal Sheriff-Clerks. One would think from the very name that the Sheriff would have had the appointment of his own clerk; but it is not so. The office, being a political one, is given by the party in power to some favourite, and hence the appointment is in general quite a sinecure, the whole work being performed by deputies. Now this is not what should be. The Sheriff should have the appointment of his own clerk, and which clerk, if so appointed, might be of assistance in many ways to the Sheriff in disposing of the causes. The Salaries paid to the Principal Sheriff-Clerks are very large, and if the system

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were managed by the present deputies there would be another annual saving of perhaps about £10,000. It is really, therefore, a matter which should be looked into by our economists ; and I hope it will not be long overlooked. Of course, should the offices I refer to be abolished, the present Sheriffs and Sheriff-Clerks would receive sufficient compensation.

A number of years ago I happened to have my summer lodgings at Folda of Glenisla, in the house of the schoolmaster and postmaster there. One day I observed the postman riding up to the door with his letters from Alyth, and immediately after him a messenger drove up and cited a neighbouring sheep farmer as a juryman to attend the Circuit Court. I thought it most absurd that this expense should be incurred when the citation could have been given by a registered letter through the post office. The suggestion was forwarded to the Lord Advocate, who gave effect to it, and the result is that all the juries now are cited through the post office, which really costs nothing, for although the posting and registering of the letters are paid in the first instance, the amounts just go out of the one pocket into the other. The expenses of *citing* the juries in the former way were very



large, particularly in the counties of Perth and Aberdeen, and I have no doubt the saving will amount to about £1000 annually. In noticing the above incident, I do so to show that it is the duty of everyone to do what he can to reduce the public expenditure, which is by far too large.



M. D. 1851

## UNCLAIMED FUNDS.

At the rate of being dimmed with "unclaimed funds" of the brain." I, after many years, return to the subject, believing as I do that it is of national importance, and one that should not be allowed to rest until all such unclaimed funds are publicly advertised, so that the real owners may get their own, and whom failing, Her Majesty's Exchequer for the common good. While I refer generally to all unclaimed funds, I more particularly refer to those funds which have remained in the banks for years and years without being claimed, the amount of such funds dating back for a century being very considerable indeed. People go abroad, and many are lost on the voyage, and never return; and should such parties have deposited, as is often done, money in the banks at home, the banks invariably are reticent on the subject, unless the actual deposit receipt or other voucher is presented, which is

not likely to be in the case of a shipwreck or a robbery in the backwoods of America or such like.

When a party dies in this country the representatives invariable advertise, calling on all parties indebted to the deceased to pay the sums due by them to those entitled thereto; but in no case has it been known for a bank to acknowledge the advertisement, while an honest tradesman will at once respond to it, and pay what is due. Some years ago a wealthy individual died in Aberdeenshire. He was of a rather eccentric nature, and deposited the sum of £1000 in a bank for the purpose of being applied to the wants of the deserving poor of a certain place after his death. The eccentric old gentleman got the usual deposit receipt for the amount, which he put past in a drawer in an old-fashioned table. In the course of time he died, and his household effects, including the table in question, were sold, the table being bought by a person who discovered the deposit receipt. The bank with whom the deposit was made as usual was silent as to the deposit, and in a year or two the purchaser of the table and the finder of the deposit receipt courageously presented the receipt at the bank for payment,

thinking that as he had purchased the table with its contents he was entitled to the money. The bank, however, demurred, and, as a matter of course, did not honour the demand, and hence the £1000 deposit was brought to the light of day, and those entitled to it at last reaped the benefit. Since I last wrote on the subject an old woman died in Dundee, and it was well known that she had considerable funds, but on her death no trace of the funds could be found, and as a matter of course no response was made to the usual notice to debtors and creditors. Among other effects left by the deceased was an old copy of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and on one of the friends perusing the volume she came upon deposit receipts to the value of between three and four hundred pounds. Seldom has a perusal of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" been so fruitful in a pecuniary point of view, and doubtless the reader and finder duly turned down the leaf where the treasure was found, so as to mark the happy place.

Now, I do not think it is very creditable to the banks in withholding sums in this way. Certainly the money is not, and can never become, the property of the bank; and when *parties* die I think it is the duty of the banks to

respond to the advertisements before referred to. But in the cases where there are no such advertisements, and where moneys have lain unclaimed for many years, I think the banks should be compelled to advertise such unclaimed funds, so as to give the rightful heirs an opportunity of coming forward and claiming their rights, and failing any claimants so coming forward, then I think the funds should be paid over to Her Majesty's Exchequer for the common good.

According to the recent Police Improvement Act for Dundee, any person who finds money or effects on the public streets must advertise the same, and at the same time report the matter to the police. Such a rule as this is very salutary, as it enables the owner to get his own; and a similar rule ought, I think, to be made regarding unclaimed funds found and kept by the banks. The banking interest is very large, and it is not easy, in consequence, to get such a matter as this legislated on; but I think if it was earnestly taken up by our members of Parliament, much might be done in the way of getting banks, and all others who have unclaimed funds, to disclose the same periodically, so that the true owners may have an opportunity afforded them of claiming their due.

No. XXXVIII.

## M O R A L   C R I M E S .

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THERE are a considerable number of crimes known and punished under the laws of Scotland, written and unwritten, and unto these I would like to add the crime of slander, which, in my humble opinion, ranks second to the worst of crimes which can be committed.

In England slander by way of libel is looked upon and treated as a criminal or penal offence, and the slanderer is punished by imprisonment or fine, the Legislature looking on the offence as one against the general public, while the slanderer at same time is also held liable in damages to the slandered individual. This English law and rule must be appreciated by all right-thinking persons, and the sooner it is introduced to the Scottish code of laws the better.

As the law of Scotland presently stands no one can consider himself safe, for any itinerant

or unprincipled editor of a newspaper with types at his command may, as Shakespeare says, rob a man of his good name ; and if slander by libel was made a crime there would be less of it.

A scurrilous paper, called, if I recollect right, "The Smiddy," was started in Dundee, containing slanders day after day against our citizens. One citizen got exasperated at a very gross slander which was printed against him. I, acting for the slandered party, raised an action of damages against the editor of "The Smiddy," and got a decree against him for £500. I still hold the decree, but the editor bolted, and the door of "The Smiddy" was closed for ever ; but the evil was done before the editor made his exit.

I humbly think, therefore, that our Scottish legislators should take up the matter, and introduce into our laws the English penalty against the slanderer.

#### WANT OF GRATITUDE

is a moral crime which cannot very well be introduced into the criminal code, although it might take its place with many crimes attached to which there is a penal punishment. The public, however, are well qualified to sit as a jury on such cases, and as a rule the ungrateful

man will get his reward. There is a very pretty fable well known nearly to all. An artizan going to his work in the middle of winter saw a viper frozen on his path. The good artizan felt sorry for the frozen animal, took it up, and placed it his bosom. The reptile got warmed, and then stung his benefactor in the very bosom which had restored and nourished it.



No. XXXIX.

## CLUBS, AND EXTRAVAGANT DISCOUNTS.

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IT is noticeable from the newspapers that about one hundred are applying for licenses at the ensuing Licensing Court in Dundee, a number of the applicants being for transfers, while others, again, apply in the course of their own business. The Magistrates who preside at the Licensing Court have a delicate duty to perform, so many influences being both directly and indirectly brought to bear upon them. The public-house interest uses its influence, while the teetotal interest does the same, not to speak of proprietors and private parties who are more or less interested in the license. It is no wonder, therefore, that the Magistrates in granting or refusing a license are often driven into a dilemma. In refusing licenses to respectable parties the Magistrates should bear in mind that the result of the refusal may just be the starting of another

unlicensed Club. In Dundee there are already between twenty and thirty such Clubs open at all hours and all days, Sunday not excepted; and the question is, whether these Clubs are less pernicious to society than the licensed public-house. The licensed public-houses of necessity have their restrictions, while the Clubs as a rule have none. Clubs, again, ought to be under a license, for it is unfair to the licensed dealers, who have to pay for their license, and who are restricted besides both as to hours and days, not to speak of other matters. If all Clubs now existing in the United Kingdom, and patronised by the highest aristocrats down to the humblest plebeian, were suitably taxed, the result would be a very large sum indeed towards the revenue of the country. Clubs are not liked at home, for good wives, instead of having their husbands in Clubs, would rather see them at home with their friends, where they would be better entertained than they possibly could be anywhere else.

#### EXTRAVAGANT DISCOUNTS.

Discounts ought to be a thing of the past, as value ought to be given for what is really got. *If the labourer is worthy of his hire he ought to*

get it, and to attempt to reduce it is mean, and sometimes compels a poor man to accept a smaller sum, to the loss of himself and family.

There is, however, a different class of discounts which may be fairly referred to, amounting almost, if not altogether, to the greatest impropriety, if not, indeed, dishonesty.

It is well known that a number of doctors receive from their prescriptive druggists about fifty per cent. upon the medicines prescribed to the patients. This is not a healthy discount to the patient, although it may be a healthy enough discount to the doctor and the druggist. Every man of necessity must make a profit on his trade, but a discount understanding between the physician and the druggist, to say the least of it, is not becoming, and where it exists it ought to be abolished.

Again, brewers, for example, give a percentage of from twenty-five to thirty-five to their customers, while Sheffield merchants and such others give somewhat like sixty per cent. off the purchases, and the consequence is that in the event of bankruptcy of the customer the merchant creditor walks in and gets about twenty shillings in the pound, whereas the honest creditor is left out in the cold, and receives a comparatively

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small dividend. Such large discounts, therefore, are no doubt given with the view of recouping against bankruptcy, and I think our legislators would do well to pass a law to the effect that in the event of bankruptcy or death of the customer the merchant would only rank for his claim under reduction of the usual mercantile discount. If what I suggest was made law the mercantile community to a great extent would be protected, and every one at least would share alike. The fish in the sea live on each other, but with their eyes open. We do not like to see a similar thing done on shore and at this enlightened period, when we ought to do to others as we should be done by.



No. XL.

**TRADESMEN'S ACCOUNTS.**

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Now that building speculations have passed fever heat, and that day after day we find numbers of honest tradesmen who erected the buildings left out in the cold, I think that the time is now come when something should be done to protect those who rear the edifice.

The landlord has a lien or a right of hypothec over his tenants' effects for the rent, the ship-builder over the ship for the contract price, the shipowner over the cargo for his freight; while, again, the lawyer has a right of hypothec over his clients' title-deeds, which is virtually a lien over the property the titles convey; and it fails me to see that the builder who lays the foundation-stone of a building, and the slater who covers it in, as well as the other tradesmen, should not have their accounts secured over their handiwork, the same as the proprietor, the shipbuilder, the shipowner, and the lawyer have their claims

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secured. As it is just now, too many facilities are given to wild and unscrupulous building speculators, and the result is ruination in many cases to the too confiding and unsuspecting tradesmen. Building societies and banks secure themselves too often at the expense of the tradesmen, and when the buildings are all but finished the speculator collapses, and the societies and banks walk off with the whole property, leaving nothing for the tradesmen but a painful and dismal sight of their handiwork to compensate them for their labour and the money which they have expended. Now, such a state of matters is neither fair nor reasonable; and if the tradesmen's accounts were, in the first place, secured over the buildings, it would lead to a healthy state of matters, for in that case it would be for the interests of the societies and banks not to advance more than what would pay the tradesmen—seeing, at the same time, for their own protection, that the tradesmen were duly paid as the works went on. No one with a sense of equity and justice can find fault with this proposal, for none but the dishonest speculator would suffer; and the more the dishonest speculator suffers the better, and the more healthy will it be for the whole community. Of

course, it will be said how can the tradesmen's rights be secured over the properties ? and the answer is, that they can very easily be secured by legislation on the subject ; and, as the tradesmen's name is legion, and their cause is a righteous one, I have no hesitation in saying that Parliament would not hesitate in passing a law which would secure to the tradesmen their just rights, and which, as already noticed, would injure none but the undeserving speculator.

In the case of a ship being wrecked and repaired at a foreign port, the captain of the vessel has power to grant what is called a bottomry bond over the vessel for the tradesmen's account incurred in repairing the ship, and according to law that bottomry bond takes the preference of all previous bonds or mortgages ; and the reason for this is both just and logical, for the last repairs save the vessel, and as the owner and previous mortgagees get the benefit thereof, it is but right that the tradesmen who give that benefit should be first and foremost paid their accounts before any one else can participate in the ship or in the proceeds thereof when sold. Now the party who saves the ship is equally in the same position as the tradesman who erects and finishes the building, thereby

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fitting it for the market; and if the one is entitled to a preference, the other is certainly just as much so.

With these remarks I will end this paper, trusting that the ventilation of the subject may be appreciated by those more immediately concerned, and for whom it is more specially intended. At all events, these remarks may have the effect of making builders pause and consider before they begin to build.



No. XLI.

## MARRIAGES, AND "CRYING" EVILS.

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RECENTLY I referred to the desirability of having the laws of the United Kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, which are governed by one Monarch, assimilated to each other, so as to save both expense and confusion; and in this present number I mean to allude to one or two items in our Scotch law which could be altered or amended for the general benefit of the community.

Year after year an attempt is made in Parliament to legalise marriage between widowers and their deceased wife's sister; and hitherto the majority of votes has been against legalising such marriages, but the majority is getting less year by year, and, doubtless, in a very short time it will be in the minority. I can see no good reason whatever for prohibiting such marriages. There is no blood relationship whatever between such parties, and, as a matter of policy, such marriages commend themselves. In the event

of there being children of the first marriage, the aunt would naturally and certainly prove a kinder mother to the young ones than a stranger would. Besides, if the husband has been blessed with a good wife to begin with, is it not reasonable that if he again marries he would like to marry as good a one as the first? And the likelihood is that the sister of the first wife would prove herself to be as good a wife as her sister. There is nothing Scriptural against such marriages, and why a number of ministers should cry out against the proposition is to me marvellous indeed. It is said that if such marriages were encouraged it would tend to jealousy during the first marriage, but I fail to see anything in such argument, for if a woman is of a jealous mind she will be so no matter in what position the supposed rival stands. The propriety of legalising such marriages is to my mind very clear, and I hope the day is not far distant when such a law will pass. In the meantime thousands are so married already, and as their offspring may be looked upon as illegitimate, it would only be an act of justice to pass an Act of Parliament legalising such marriages, and which, of course, would have the effect of legitimising the previous children.

The next matter I would allude to is the well-known *crying evil* in Scotland—that is, the extorting by the clergy and their session-clerks of a species of black mail from parties about to enter into the matrimonial or united state. To levy such a black mail in the manner it is done, and under the cloak of sanctity, by those who should know better and act differently, is simply disgraceful, and all concerned with it ought to feel ashamed of the respective parts they play in the matter. When Rob Roy and others under the garb of Old Gaul levied black mail some centuries ago something *might* be said in their favour, but little can be said in favour of those who in the nineteenth century and in their canonical robes levy the present obnoxious black mail. We pay no toll when we come into the world, none when we go out of it, and it is passing strange that those between the two should have to pay a tax to the Church. The proclamations as at present are a mere farce. A rich man can be proclaimed at once, while a poor man has to be proclaimed three times on three several Sundays. Will any of the divines show us where they have the authority for acting in such an unjust and iniquitous manner? It is to be hoped that our legislators will soon

take the matter out of the **hands** of the Church, and banish the *crying evil* from our midst. As it is just now the Sheriff in Dundee marries more than any minister in **Dundee**, with the exception of Mr George Gilfillan, who, I understand, every Friday night throws off the couples in quite a wholesale style. The prayers of the righteous availeth much, but if you have to pay £1 11s. 6d. or 7s. 6d. for them, as the case may be, such prayers had better been unsaid.

Since writing the above an Act has been passed in point of fact doing away with the *Crying Evil*.



## A Tribute to the late Rev. George Gilfillan.

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THE late Rev. George Gilfillan of Dundee, a clergyman much respected not only for his talents but for his kind-hearted nature, had on a melancholy occasion to meet in his own residence one of his flock. After the usual condolence, the reverend gentleman said to the bereaved, "I have missed you in church for a long time." "Oh, yes," said the poor man, "it is true, for I did not like to come with a coat I am ashamed of, it is so bare." The divine, showing his nobility and peculiarity of character, immediately disrobed himself of his coat, and handed it to the distressed one, saying, "There, my man, let me see my coat every Sunday until it becomes bare, and then call back." After so delivering himself, the divine retired to his studies in his shirt sleeves, and being observed by his worthy spouse, she says, "George, what have you done with your coat?" His answer was, "Never mind, my dear, I have just given it to God."

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